
C A R O L I N E

OF

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CAROLINE

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BRITISH MUSEUM



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CAROLINE
OF
LICHTFIELD;
A NOVEL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH
BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.

SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

Idole d'un cœur juste, & passion du Sage,
Amitié, que ton nom soutienne cet ouvrage;
Règne dans mes écrits, ainsi que dans mon cœur,
Tu m'appris à connoître, à sentir, le bonheur.

VOLTAIRE.

LONDON:
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PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1797.

CAROLINE

THE LIFE OF

A NOVEL

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY THOMAS HOBBES

SECOND EDITION

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

Little River, Conn. July 18, 1880

My dear Mr. Hobbess

I have just received your letter of the 14th inst.

and am glad to hear that you are well.

Yours truly

L. H. HOBBS

PRINTED BY G. AND J. BARNES

NEW YORK



CAROLINE

OF

LICHTFIELD*.

THE Baron of Lichtfield was High Chamberlain and Minister of State to the King of Prussia. "Caroline," said he to his daughter, as they one day sat at breakfast, "tell me, (the Baron had an insinuating smile as he spoke, with somewhat of penetration in his look) tell me, dear Caroline, is thy heart free?"

"Sir!"

Caroline did not immediately comprehend his meaning.

"It is two months since I brought thee to court, from the retreat in which thou

* Not Litchfield in England, but Lichtfield, a supposed Prussian title.

hadst been educated ; and hast thou seen nobody, in that short space, no young courtier, to whom thy heart would give a preference ?”

Caroline was but sixteen, and the question was of that kind that usually embarrasses, when addressed to a virgin of sixteen. Caroline, however, might reply without dread or hesitation. Her young bosom, as pure and tranquil as in the serene and jocund days of infancy, had never sighed, except for pleasures innocent and pure as itself. A new blown rose, a favourite bullfinch, or a fairy tale, had, hitherto, been the general limits of her hopes and fears. These pleasures, indeed, since she had come to court, had been somewhat superseded by a ball, a concert, or a new-fashioned cap ; but that man might influence the happiness of her life had never yet entered her imagination. Those who were the best and most indefatigable dancers, certainly, gave her the greatest satisfaction, while at an assembly ; but, the ball over, Caroline could sweetly sleep twelve hours together, awake with a song, and prepare for a new appointment, without thinking of the partner with whom she last had danced.

Her



Her father had therefore rather surprised than confused her; and, after a short silence, she replied, "Your question, papa, is very singular!"

"It is very natural, my dear," said the Baron: "and, moreover, I will endeavour to shew you it is likewise very important. Listen to me seriously, Caroline," continued he, drawing his chair closer to hers, and tenderly clasping her hand. "You have the misfortune to be the only daughter of the High Chamberlain of Prussia, and heiress to twenty-five thousand crowns a-year."

The mixture of irony and satisfaction visible in his countenance, though unseen by Caroline, while rehearsing his titles and estate, proved, too powerfully, that these his misfortunes were his supreme pleasures. But it was necessary to his present purpose to assume a philosophic, a disinterested, and a sentimental air, thereby to inspire awe; and, by affecting the passions, to read the heart, and induce obedience. This was the more easy for him to effect, in that he was not only perfectly a courtier, but had a degree of natural eloquence, which supplied the want of a sound understanding, or a feeling heart. Besides, it

is not easy, at sixteen, to discover the face of honesty from the mask, especially when a father speaks.

The word misfortune, however, had somewhat surprised Caroline; who, thinking she perhaps had misunderstood, repeated, smiling, "Misfortune, papa!"

"Yes, misfortune, my child," replied the Baron, apparently affected. "I see, with pleasure, you know not as yet all the consequences of these seeming blessings, for this informs me you still remain such as I could wish you to be."

A thousand confused ideas were crossing and combating one another in the mind of Caroline. Misfortune and herself had never before been united in her imagination: the idea for a moment made her melancholy, and she stood, with downcast eyes, unconsciously plucking the leaves of a rose, which she held in her white and virgin hand.

"Yes, my dear daughter," said the Baron, rising, and gravely walking the room, "it is often one of our greatest misfortunes to be born of noble parents, and to be possessed of vast domains. The chain, I own, is gilt, but is not the less heavy, or the less a chain." (The Baron was charmed
to

to hear his own wit.) "Yet I hope," added he, assuming a cheerful smile of benignity, "I hope, my Caroline, the chains that thou shalt wear shall hang lightly, and be ever worn with grace and pleasure."

The Baron paused, and Caroline looked up, vainly endeavouring to comprehend to what this his preface tended. He continued:

"My dear girl, the first wish of my heart has ever been thy felicity. Long have I foreseen (the Baron sighed, but the Baron was a courtier), long feared, that not on me, but on a Monarch, whose power is absolute, and must not be controverted, thy destiny would depend—No, not on a tender father! To avoid, therefore, heaping on thee the distress, the torment, of combating affections which may not be consulted; ever since the death of thy mother I have committed thy education to a friend, whose care and retired situation have preserved thy heart free. I have sacrificed the sweet pleasure of living with my child, of superintending her education, and being myself delighted with her progress, to her future happiness; and, if I have secured this happiness, my self-denial will be more than repaid."

“ Ah, my dear dear father !” cried Caroline, kissing the Baron’s hand, which she moistened with her tears, unable to express her sensations. Somewhat she would have added, but he interrupted her.

“ The moment is arrived, my daughter, in which the success of all my precautions must be ascertained. Two months since (thou wert then at Rindaw) the King told me he should with pleasure behold thee united to the Count of Walstein, his known favourite, and his present Ambassador to Petersburg. Notwithstanding that this marriage might even exceed the utmost wishes of a father, I alleged thy great youth, in hopes to see the ceremony deferred, and longer to enjoy thy company, longer to behold thee a part of myself.

“ The King replied, thy society I might and should enjoy as soon as thou wert married. Caroline, said he, must now be sixteen ; it is time she should come to adorn my court, and make my Walstein happy. He will return immediately from his embassy ; send, therefore, for your daughter, and the nuptials shall as immediately take place.

“ I could make no reply to a command so precise ; and, as thou knowest, I directly
came

came and brought thee hither. But scarcely had we returned before I learnt the Count was fallen dangerously ill on the road, and that his arrival and our intents were, for a while, suspended. I, therefore, thought it useless to speak to thee of a marriage which, perhaps, might never take place; and I was willing to see thee enjoy, for a moment, the sweet illusions of youth. Yesterday evening, however, the Count returned, recovered from his illness, and the King sent instantly for me, presented my future son-in-law, and bade me prepare for this marriage with all possible speed. Thou seest I could no longer delay to inform thee of the will of my Sovereign: thou seest, my child, thy destiny is fixed. My fear was that, during the two months thou hast been at court, thy young heart might, unfortunately, have selected some one of the youths thou hast seen there. Thus, what should have been thy happiness would, then, have been thy misery; but I see, with transport, thy heart is yet untouched; thy present simplicity and innocence are certain proofs, and my Caroline may now comply, may give me her promise, that she will willingly become the Countess of Walstein, and the

Ambassadrefs of Ruffia. Wilt thou not, my Caroline? Wilt thou not, my child?"

These fine titles, emphatically dwelt on, dazzled the young fancy of Caroline. Astonished, taken by surprise, and conceiving nothing so wonderful and so charming as all at once to become an Ambassadrefs, and a Countefs, she raised her charming blue eyes, and looking at her father, while they sparkled with pleasure—

"What," said she, in the simplicity of her heart, "shall I be all that, papa? Indeed I am exceedingly glad to hear it!"

Her natural good fenfe, for she had abundance, immediately reproved her: she felt she had rather spoken from the fulness of her heart than from prudent reflection; again her eyes were cast down, and the blood rose blushing to her cheeks, till they resembled the rose leaves she had just been scattering. After a moment's silence, she timidly added, still with down-cast eyes,

"But I have never seen the Count, papa; and if I should not love him?"

"You must marry him, notwithstanding, my child," instantly replied the Baron.
"We only ask your hand; there is no authority,

thority, royal or paternal, which can command the heart."

This moral sentiment was, no doubt, a very strange one to come from the mouth of a father; but the Baron, we may well conjecture, had his reasons for being thus relax.

Caroline replied, with surprise, "Indeed, papa, I do not understand you. Give the Count my hand and not my heart! No, really, papa, I do not understand you!"

"You will do before you have lived six months at court," replied the Baron, as he rose. (Another proof, this, that the Baron was a courtier.) "But this is nothing to our present purpose. Give me thy promise, thy solemn promise, my Caroline, that thou wilt fulfil the engagement I have entered into in thy name. I am waited for at court; I will announce thy consent, dine there, and return, this evening, with the Count. Go, dress thyself, and prepare to receive the man who is shortly to be thy husband."

After having received the solemn promise of the gentle and tractable Caroline, and tenderly kissed her, he departed, well satisfied with his negotiation.

The reader, perhaps, may expect that

the sweet Caroline, left alone, would then, immediately, have abundance of serious reflections on all that had passed; and particularly on the approaching marriage. For six-and-twenty these would have afforded sufficient subject for a whole morning's contemplation; but, at sixteen, the mind does not dwell so long on the same object. Truth, however, obliges us to remark that Caroline, after the departure of her father, remained full ten minutes in the same place and attitude; which certainly was a thing somewhat extraordinary.

At length, finding she had so many things to think on that she could absolutely think on nothing, and that the rushing ideas floated and whirled into confusion, she suddenly started up, ran to her piano forte, and played cotillons and country dances, *presto prestissimo*, for a full half hour.

Now, while she was playing, it happened naturally enough to strike her active imagination, how delightfully the Count would dance them all with her; "and it will be quite charming," said she to herself, "to continually have a partner at one's command."

Dance!—His Excellency dance!—Yes, to be sure; his Excellency dance: for the

the Baron had been very careful to inform her that, notwithstanding his high rank, great dignity, and that he was also an Ambassador, he still was not above thirty; which circumstance, it is very probable, pleased her full as much as all the aforesaid titles, dazzling as they were: for, though this was nearly twice the age of Caroline, she had remarked that men of thirty, and women of sixteen, are a kind of contemporaries.

Thus, forming the project of dancing every day, as soon as she should be the mistress of her own house, she ran to the garden to gather a nosegay. There, as she plucked the flowers, she saw several beautiful butterflies wantoning from bud to bud; and, delighted with the restless vagrants, and their various hues, and vivid tints, began, with ardour, to pursue them; till, somewhat heated and fatigued, without having had the good fortune to catch a single fugitive, she consoled herself with supposing the Count, more nimble and active than her, would catch them for her. "Besides," said she, skipping back towards the house, "we shall be very unfortunate, indeed, if we can't both of us entrap them."

The hour of dressing succeeded, and,

while at her toilet, the idea of jewels, new dresses, equipage, balls, operas, and assemblies, presently made her forget the butterflies : for, with the lively, the innocent, and the happy Caroline, one pleasure came but to efface another.

“O yes,” said she, “I well know Ambassadors’ ladies are invited every where, are dressed like queens, and are envied by the whole world. Instead of simple flowers, I shall have clusters of diamonds adorning my hair ; my dresses shall be all the most fanciful and elegant ever beheld, and I will put them on with a grace that shall charm every eye, and win every heart.”

Thus, the conjugal felicity of Caroline, founded on dress, dancing, and butterflies, seemed to her the most certain of all certain things : she already beheld herself the happiest of women, employed every moment to embellish her person, and enchant her Ambassador, and expected him with an impatience unchecked by any fear, except that of not appearing sufficiently handsome in his eyes.

As for him, she was well assured he would please her infinitely : for, innocently thoughtless as she appeared, she still had
her

her moments of reflection; and, all circumstances again and again considered, had fully persuaded herself the Count was the most charming man in the world.

He was the King's Favourite! Her father had told her so; and the word Favourite was most extensive and significant to the imagination of Caroline. She, in the country, had likewise had her little court, and her little Favourites; there was her favourite bird, her favourite lap-dog, her favourite lamb, and these were all the prettiest creatures of their kind she had ever beheld; wherefore, there could be no doubt but the Favourite of a King must be the Phoenix of Nature.

Of all this she was so perfectly convinced, so happy, and so rejoiced to think she should see him, that, when her maid came to tell her he was come, and that her father was waiting for her, she made but one skip from the glass to the door; where finding the High Chamberlain, who earnestly bade her remember her promise, he took her by the hand, which trembled with pleasure and emotion between his, and, exhorting her to be very prudent, and behave with great propriety, led her to the apartment in which was the Favourite of the King.

They

They entered, Caroline looked, and no sooner saw, than, instantly hiding her eyes with her hands, she gave a piercing shriek, and disappeared like a flash of lightning at midnight.

Now, while the father follows, while he employs the whole force of paternal eloquence to calm and make Caroline return, let us give the outline of the picture that thus had terrified; let us justify the young and innocent Caroline.

The Count of Walstein was, in fact, little more than thirty; but an enormous scar on one cheek, a countenance excessively meagre and of a livid yellow, round shoulders, and, instead of hair, a periwig, made him appear at least fifty. His large black eye was fine; but, alas! it was single; he had but one, the other a bullet had extinguished. Nature designed him for a tall and well-proportioned man, but a habit of stooping had prevented her intent. He had one very good leg; but this husband, who was to dance from morning to night, and aid Caroline to catch butterflies, walked with difficulty, and limped exceedingly on the other.

Such was the exterior appearance of Walstein, and we shall hereafter see how

far the mind corresponded with the body. We have said enough, at present, to palliate the emotion and the flight of Caroline. Perhaps, we will not say but that, had she taken time to consider and examine, she might have found an air of grandeur, and a somewhat of benevolence, characterizing this uncouth figure. But she saw only the scar, the one eye, the round shoulders, the periwig, and the limping gait. She had received the first impression, and, almost fainting in her apartment, Caroline scarcely heard her father's menaces and prayers to return. Her only answer was a torrent of tears, and her struggles to overcome the shock rather increased than repelled her disorder.

Her father, finding it impossible she should appear again at present, left her, and went back to the Count. He reflected that this would certainly be the wisest course, and that his daughter's sudden illness would be sufficient excuse.

He found his intended son-in-law exceedingly agitated at his reception, and too truly suspecting the motive. But the High Chamberlain was so eloquent, so persuasive, when he had any purpose to obtain, and his oratory was so powerful on the present occasion,

occasion, that the Count was appeased; fully convinced that a violent head-ach, the consequence of the preparations of that busy day, which had suddenly seized Caroline, had been the sole occasion of her exclamation and her flight. It may be, even, that he feigned conviction. Who dare be responsible for courtiers? Historians, the most exact, by them may be deceived.

Be these things as they may, he took leave of the High Chamberlain, hoping to find the young lady recovered, and not liable to the same disorder, on the morrow; though, it is very certain, Walstein found himself a good deal affected by what had passed. Not that we will suppose him in love with Caroline, whom he had scarcely seen, but that this marriage was in many respects exceedingly suitable to his wishes and his views; insomuch that he thought the future happiness of his life depended on it; not to mention the will and pleasure of the King. This latter might be as strong a reason for the Favourite as for the High Chamberlain; and the latter undoubtedly thought it irresistible. We must own he would have been wise to have pre-informed his daughter of the person of the Count.

He

He felt all this, and deeply regretted his want of foresight; but it was too late. He imagined it best to extort a promise from which the timid Caroline would not dare recede. Little had he foreseen the effect of the first interview, or the terror of Caroline, which was doubled by the imaginary and beautiful picture she had formed of the Count.

The moment he was alone, he returned, and found her just as he had left her. She had still, however, sufficient strength to fall at his feet and implore his mercy, conjuring him, by every tender appellation, not thus to sacrifice his child.

The High Chamberlain saw her emotion was too violent for her to hear reason at that instant. We would not have the reader think it too strange, but he was even affected himself, raised her with tenderness, begged her to be calm, and to assure herself that her happiness was the utmost of his hopes, and that he would speak with her on the subject the next morning; and, again exhorting her to be tranquil, leave weeping, and go to rest, quitted her apartment.

The drowning wretch, 'tis said, will catch at straws. Caroline ardently seized this ray of hope, and her fears were almost
hushed

hushed to peace. Ah! thought she, how good is my papa! How dearly he loves me! How desirous is he to see me happy! Surely, then, since it is his wish, he will not unite me to a monster who has but one eye, whose legs do not pair, who is hump-backed, and who wears a periwig!

Caroline saw defects ten-fold defective: but such is the nature of youth; its propensities, its passions, its love, its friendship, its aversions are all extremes. At first she thought herself lost beyond recovery; at present she imagined herself freed, for ever, from the Count, and as suddenly recovered the gaiety that had so suddenly fled. Somewhat wearied, however, she went to bed, reflecting on the strange and singular taste of Kings in the choice of their Favourites, and protesting that, were she a Queen, Wallstein never should be hers.

As sound was her sleep, and as gentle were her dreams, as if nothing had happened; and, when the morning appeared, no stronger impression remained than that which an ugly vision sometimes occasions. Presently her father entered, and found the same smile, the same sweetness, the same infantine graces with which he was daily received. Nay, she was fonder, more attentive,

tentive, more eager to oblige than usual; and thanks for his condescension, of which she entertained no doubt, were in every motion and in every look; though she dared not to retrace the past, her heart was all gratitude and joy for the future. Her father's behaviour increased it; for, instead of reproaches, his looks were all good nature, and kindness and smiles accompanied every expression.

Lovely girl! Sweet emblem of innocence, that, knowing not sorrow nor guilt, knoweth not suspicion, enjoy the flattering illusion! Thou hast been but two months at court, and how shouldest thou be acquainted with the heart of a courtier? Thou, who art thyself all sensibility, how shouldest thou suppose it shut to every tender feeling? Thou thinkest thou hast a father, a tender father; thou art to learn that he is only a Minister of State and a High Chamberlain!

Let us, however, be just: except his titles, his places, and his pensions, of all things in the world the Baron certainly loved his daughter the best. Not to mention that he really thought, for such was his manner of thinking, he was laying the foundation
of

her future happiness by so high an alliance, so magnificent a marriage ! made immediately under the auspices of the King ! and by order of the King ! and to the Favourite of the King ! and with the daughter of the High Chamberlain of the King !

Determined, therefore, to accomplish his purpose, by prayer or by power, he thought it best first to try how far affection and tenderness might win. Taking, therefore, his daughter's hands, and tenderly clasping them between his own—

“ Caroline,” said he, “ dost thou love thy father ?”

“ Do I love him ?” replied she ; falling with enthusiasm on her knees, and kissing his hands ; “ Let him only permit me to live with him, and for him, and he shall then find how much gratitude, respect, and filial-affection can perform !”

“ Of all these I have no doubt : but thou wilt give me a farther proof ?”

“ Any ! every ! all you can desire, my dear, dear papa ! except——”

She was going to add, “ marry the Count ;” but the Baron, assuming a momentary and paternal austerity, put his hand upon her mouth.

“ No

“No exceptions, Caroline; and the first proof of love I shall ask will be to listen to me silently and attentively.

“What wouldest thou do, my child?” (The Baron changed his countenance; it was, now, all sentiment; it was an appeal to the best affections of the heart.) “What wouldest thou do, Caroline, if the life of thy father were in thy hands?”

“His life! The life of my father! Save, preserve, cherish it, at the expence of my own. Can my father doubt it? But how——Wherefore, my——”

“I expected no less, my dear girl,” replied the Baron, taking care to stop her in due time; “and thou thyself shalt now decide between us.—Yes, my life, my very life depends upon the alliance. Think not I would survive my disgrace! and, unless my engagements with the Count of Walstein are fulfilled, that is inevitable!—Terrified by thy repugnance for this marriage, yesterday, I left thee, went instantly to the King, and threw myself at my Sovereign’s feet, entreating and even imploring him to restore us our promise and our freedom. Thus daring had my affection for thee, Caroline, made me.

“Your daughter is a child,” said the frowning

frowning monarch; "a baby, who knows not what pleases or what is proper, and with whom you ought to act according to your own prudence, not her caprice. You *may*, however, act as you please. If she persist in this her refusal, you will re-conduct her to her country retreat; and you will, likewise, remain there yourself. It is impossible so feeble a father can be a good Minister of State."

"He turned away, and spoke no more to me during the whole evening. Imagine, Caroline, what are my present feelings! I saw the malicious joy of my enemies, they had marked my Sovereign's frowns, and, with the smile of malignity, prophesied my approaching fall, disposed of my places, and, imitating their master, scornfully turned from me. Oh my child! my Caroline! wilt thou, the darling of thy father's heart, be the cause of this his misery? What talk I of misery? His certain, his instantaneous death!"

The trembling, the tender, the affectionate Caroline, a thousand times more terrified by this idea than she even had been by the aspect of Walsstein, shuddering, flung herself into her father's arms.

"I will obey, I will obey," repeated she, sobbing.

sobbing. "Lead me to the altar this moment; lead me, if so it must be! Cause your death! I! God of Heaven forbid! Oh! my father, go immediately, tell the King to dispose of me as he pleases; only let him restore his favour and friendship to my father. Yes, I promise, solemnly promise, to submit to his will; but do thou, also, my father, promise me not to die."

So strongly had the idea of her father's death seized upon her imagination that she feared lest a moment's delay might make it certain. She would willingly have gone, even herself, and told the Count she was ready to be his; and ceased not to intercede with the Baron to depart, instantly, to the King; again engaging herself, by promises the most positive and unlimited, to be in all things obedient.

Once more left alone, she thought no more of court balls, cotillons, or chasing butterflies. With one hand hiding her eyes, mournfully resting upon her elbow, and agitated by a thousand struggling sensations, she remained motionless; incoherently dreading lest the least change or movement might precipitate her into the gulph that seemed gaping to receive her, and in which she

she were then eternally sunk. Filial affection, at length, came to her aid. Once more erect she sat, with self-approbation raised, when she recollected that, by suffering herself, she should save her father. "I shall preserve his honour, and, with his honour, his life," said she, with affection and admiration mingled: her own heroism inspired the latter; and which a sentiment so virtuous ever must inspire in a noble mind.

"Yet how dear must I pay for this!" continued she; "and what shall my life be?"

Straight the image and figure of the Count presented itself, and the father vanished. Caroline, shuddering, recoiled, and doubted whether yet she should keep her word.

In this attitude, in this agitation, she continued, when her father suddenly returned. Joy excessive brightened in his countenance. Scarcely could he tell, so out of breath with haste and transported was he, that the King himself and the Count were coming. "Yes, the King! The King in person!" repeated he: "Publicly coming! and those who yesterday rejoiced at my disgrace, may now retire and weep. May their own envy be their only comforter. See, my Caroline, my child, my darling, what

what obedience is, and imagine what shall be its reward."

Caroline, alas! thought not of rewards, but of punishments, and of the confirmation of the fearful sentence she herself had pronounced. Her father reproved her for not having employed the time of his absence at her toilette. The day before, she herself would have been very sorry to have been caught by Majesty in her present dishabille; but, at present, this was become a trifle beneath thought; and she waited, in expectation of her august visitor, without once casting a look towards the glass.

The Baron was in his fourth repetition of the manner in which she should comport herself, when he was interrupted by the rattling of the coach wheels. Up he started, ran to receive Majesty, and left the trembling Caroline to the assistance of salts, and as much fortitude as she herself could collect, for this interview of constraint and dread. The Monarch entered, followed only by his Favourite and his High Chamberlain, elate with joy, and inflated with self-applause.

"Beauteous Caroline," said the King, as he advanced and presented the Count, "be thou the recompense of the man who has

rendered me so many important services ; and do thou, dear Walstein, receive, from my hand, this lovely bride, whose worth, I am certain, thou wilt well know how to estimate."

The Count drew near, and, taking the half retiring hand of Caroline, begged her, with a low and timid accent, kindly to confirm his happiness.

Had the riches of the whole world, and all its Monarchs, been prostrate at the feet of Caroline, she could not have articulated a single word. Perhaps, had she raised her downcast eyes, and looked at the bridegroom, she might have had sufficient power to have said no. But this she very prudently avoided. She made a most respectful courtesy, and, at the King's desire, sat down in silence. This command was well timed ; had she been longer required to stand, the scene of over-night might again have been repeated. A universal tremor had come over her ; she was obliged to have recourse to her salts, and might still, perhaps, have betrayed her feelings by a fainting fit, or a deluge of tears, had not a glance of her father, himself almost fainting at seeing her agitation, restored her all her fortitude : she even forced a smile, to
quiet

quiet his fears, and collected the resolution to answer the King's condescending interrogation, by saying, she was very well. Every thing was then placed to the account of country education and virgin timidity.

She hoped the company would retire, or, at least, change the subject of conversation; but she was deceived. To respect the feelings of their subjects is one of those things that Kings understand the least; and his Prussian Majesty, delighted with the marriage he himself had made, could talk of nothing else. Totally inattentive to the suffering Caroline, he dwelt circumstantially on particulars, first naming the day, then the hour, and then the place of performing the ceremony.

Unable to support this any longer, Caroline, at length, made another effort, and begged permission to retire. Her prayer was granted, and the Monarch did not neglect, as she made her reverence, to salute her by the title of the Countess of Walstein.

The youthful and wretched Countess, alone in her apartment, gave a full flow to affliction. Finding, however, that tormenting reflection could not change her destiny, *that* now being fixed beyond the power of
C 2 relieve,

reprieve, she wisely concluded submission was her only course; and to take such advantage as her present situation might afford her best expedient.

Let no one be astonished to hear that a young girl of sixteen could reason thus prudently. Misfortune is a most able master; and a few hours of affliction, trouble, and terror, had taught Caroline more than years of tranquillity. She heard the coach of the King depart, with much less emotion than she felt at its thundering approach; and her father had the satisfaction to find her tolerably calm and resigned, when he came to acquaint her with the royal arrangements.

The marriage was fixed for that day week; the Count had desired it might be as secret as possible, and celebrated at his country seat, six leagues from Berlin; and, moreover, that the rejoicings, visits, bride-favours, and presentation of the Countess at court, should not take place till the ceremony was over.

Caroline highly approved the Count's plan, and begged her father's permission to pass the intervening time in retirement. So well pleased was the Baron with her docility, that, except breaking off the marriage,

riage, there was nothing she could have asked he would have refused; he therefore promised, and kept his word. Her solitude was uninterrupted, except by a few visits from the bridegroom; and him the Baron undertook to hold in conversation. Thus, while they were deep in politics, debating on matters of high moment, States, Empires, and Kings, Caroline was silently determining to execute the projects she had formed.

We shall not follow her through the many and melancholy ideas which occupied her mind, during this penitential week; it is sufficient for us to observe that she might, truly, be said to have thought more, in that space of time, than she had done in the whole course of her life. With the result of all this thinking we shall presently become acquainted.

Time passes away as well in pleasure as in pain. Behold then the redoubted day, on which the fate of Caroline was irrevocably to be fixed. She was prepared for it, and appeared perfectly resigned. Her father was in ecstasies, for he was now at the height of all his happiness and honours. Majesty, in person, intended to accompany his daughter to the altar. The High

Chamberlain, good man, would have been happy to have had the whole world spectators ; but two Lords of the court, and their wives, were, alone, appointed assistants. He consoled himself, however, with the idea of the many fine things he should have to relate on his return to Berlin. Off they set, for the country seat of the Count ; and the tender bride, more thoughtful than melancholy, not only supported the journey exceedingly well, but even the marriage ceremony, which was immediately performed on their arrival : the Baron, wondering at, and blessing himself for, the dexterity and address with which he had insured the obedience of Caroline, had, at length, the inexpressible gratification of presenting her to the King by the title of the *Countess of Walstein!*

This was the only moment in which the fortitude of Caroline had nearly forsaken her. Affected, agitated, by the caresses of the High Chamberlain, who was unbounded in his panegyric, she owned she deserved not all this praise, and earnestly supplicated him to spare her. Caroline had a delicate heart, on which every praise the Baron bestowed inflicted a fresh pang.

They were to return that evening to
Berlin,

Berlin, there to install the young Countess in her new dignity, as Lady of Walslein House; and they were already preparing to depart, when, taking advantage of the moment when the Count was standing alone, concealed by the projecting of the window, she went up to him, presented a paper, entreated him to read it with indulgence, and retired into an anti-chamber, where, she told him, she would wait for his answer, and his orders. Surprised as much as man could possibly be, the Count instantly opened the letter, and read :

“ My Lord,

“ I have obeyed. The absolute commands of my Father and my King have given me to you, and yours at present I am; wholly yours; I acknowledge no other master. You only have the right to dispose of me, and from you I dare ask and hope benevolence, indulgence, and generosity. Yes, it is from him who just has sworn to make me happy I now presume to ask what may ascertain my happiness, and, no doubt, his own. You know not, my lord, cannot imagine, how much the young creature, to whom you but this instant gave your hand, is unworthy of that honour; how little rea-

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“ sonable

“sonable she is, and how much a child;
“how much it behoves her to pass whole
“years in that retreat where she has been
“educated, and with that dear friend who
“has been to her a mother. Oh, consent!
“I conjure you in mercy to consent and
“suffer me this evening to return to Rindaw;
“there to wait till my reason has so
“far conquered prejudice that I may submit,
“without expiring, to the engagements I have formed. By doing this,
“you will ensure gratitude inexpressible,
“and, perhaps, accelerate that event. Your
“refusal, on the contrary——Yes, be
“certain, your refusal will, equally, and
“for ever, deprive you of the wretched
“Caroline.

“I feel, most forcibly, the just reproaches I merit by acting thus. This
“letter should not have been sent now;
“but, had I explained what my sensations
“were before our union, I should have
“hazarded the life of my father: at present
“I only hazard my own. He swore, solemnly
“swore, he could not survive his disgrace;
“and his disgrace was inevitable if I did not become yours. Yours,
“therefore, I am, and the King now will
“rest satisfied; for I dare hope that, should
“he

“ he make my father responsible for my
 “ conduct, and should this conduct offend
 “ him, you will have the justice to save my
 “ father, and inform him, that I alone
 “ am culpable. But certainly the King
 “ cannot complain of his want of zeal, or
 “ the unlimited obedience with which he is
 “ devoted to his will; neither will I com-
 “ plain, if you, only, will have the good-
 “ ness to grant my present request.”

This letter, the offspring of a hundred, which had been written and torn during the preceding week, had been finished that very morning before they left Berlin. If ever man was astonished, confounded, thunder-struck, it was the Count of Walstein. He could not believe what he beheld. What! a young creature so timid, and so submissive! Had she a will of her own? And could she declare what that will was with fortitude like this?

Again he read the paper, and pity presently succeeded to surprise. He then saw she had been the sacrifice of despotism and ambition; and mortally reproached himself for being the object and the cause. Though we all may be somewhat deceived respecting our own personal attractions, and though the Count, like others, might not be wholly

exempt from self-illusion, he still did himself the justice to imagine he certainly had not been married for his beauty; but, from the positive assurances of the High Chamberlain, and the apparent resignation of Caroline, he supposed, at least, it had been without repugnance, and without constraint. The moment that undeceived him, or, rather, that told him he had been deceived, was, no doubt, to him a dreadful one; but he did not hesitate an instant concerning how it was proper for him now to act. Desirous to relieve Caroline from her fears, he, with his pencil, wrote thus on the cover of her letter:

“Lovely and unfortunate victim of obedience! you, in your turn, shall be obeyed. Instantly I will go and obtain the King’s compliance with your request; instantly will repair, as much as in me is possible, the wrong done you; the tyranny of which I am the cause, without being the accomplice. Should I be refused, depend on me for restoring you that liberty of which you have been so cruelly deprived. I feel the inestimable value of the confidence you place in me, and will endeavour to deserve it, by renouncing my own happiness!

“Though,

" Though, not so; for still shall I be happy,
 " if any conduct of mine can render me
 " less odious to her by whom it would be
 " felicity supreme to be"—

Beloved, Wallstein would have added; but it was a moment of most trying affliction. A mirror hung over the table at which he wrote; he looked in it, and durst not. Half opening the door of the anti-chamber, where Caroline waited the sentence of life or death, he gave in his short answer, which she tremblingly received, and instantly disappeared.

The first sensation of Caroline, when she attempted to read, was dread; but this, as she proceeded, was presently dissipated, and when she had ended she was so surprised, so affected, so grateful, that she had almost an inclination to recall the Count; but, unfortunately for him, as she looked through the window, she saw him walking in the gardens with the King. Walking and broad daylight are little favourable to a man who limps in his gait, and whose face has been disfigured by wounds. Could she have read his billet, and forgot his person, the effect would have been different; her favourable ideas would not have been so easily effaced, nor would she, so instantly, again

have felt that impatient desire of returning to her former retreat. Besides, indeed, she recollected it was too late; that she had gone too far to recede, without appearing capricious and weak. While thus she reflected, still looking through the window at the Count, his billet crumbled away between her fingers, and, like the impression it had made, was no more.

While Caroline was thus employed, the generous Walstein was using all his influence with the King, over whose mind he had a wonderful ascendancy, persuading him to consent to the request she had made. He shewed his Majesty the letter, who, instead of anger, found himself interested and affected by the style and resolution of a girl so innocent and so young.

“There is energy in this young lady’s character,” said the Monarch, as he ended, and looking at the Count as he returned the letter.

He looked, and could not help acknowledging that his Favourite did not, altogether, possess that kind of form which the hoping fancy of sixteen loves to contemplate. The recollection came a little too late, but the moment was favourable to Caroline, and he added—

“You

“ You are right, Walstein. You must overlook this whim. She is a child, whom it will be best to indulge. She will soon be tired of her retreat ; and as to the thing most essential, the fortune, it is yours. A man has always enough of his wife’s company.”

The Monarch was frank ; but, state secrets excepted, Monarchs take little trouble to disguise their thoughts. Accordingly, the sentence pronounced, the High Chamberlain was sent for, this new project communicated, and his daughter’s letter shewn. He was, certainly, in a very high passion, but the presence of Majesty made him, apparently, somewhat calm ; and, after hazarding a few objections, which were silenced, he was all acquiescence. The King, indeed, who had never before seen him of a different opinion, thought it exceedingly strange, and, likewise, somewhat presuming, he should be so at present ; which thoughts he did not take the least trouble to conceal. Whereupon the High Chamberlain, a little affrighted, made a most profound and reverential bow, supplicated pardon, and begged his Majesty would dispose of his daughter just as his Majesty should please.

The conclusion of this consultation was
that

that Caroline should return, that very evening, to Rindaw; where the Baroness and Canoness of that name, by whom she had been educated, lived. Here she had permission to remain as long as she pleased, concluding she would soon be glad to return. A clause was, indeed, annexed, which seemed to render a long stay impossible; and this was, that the most profound and absolute secrecy must be kept concerning the marriage. The King did not give his reasons; indeed, Reason to Kings is a superfluous thing, Will is sufficient. It has, moreover, been said, he was fearful lest this history should cast some kind of ridicule either upon his High Chamberlain, or his Favourite, or, perhaps, even upon himself; but, we must own, this assertion is too improbable to be true.

Leave we these matters in the uncertainty in which we found them, and let us add that it was his Majesty's command Caroline should still pass by her own name, and that no individual should know she was the Countess of Walstein. He went so far as to declare that, the moment the least breath transpired, she should again become subject to conjugal power, and that her indiscretion should ensure the loss of his favour.

All

All this he said, looking steadfastly at the High Chamberlain, who could not get the words out fast enough to inform his Majesty of the eternal silence he himself should keep.

The King, likewise, pressingly recommended secrecy to those who had been present at the ceremony; who readily promised obedience, and who readily did not tell it—to above some thirty of their friends; and that under the most solemn promises it should go no further. Ah, happy Berlin! that thus, for a whole week, was plentifully supplied with behind-fan whispers and corner conversations!——“Do *you* know
“that Count Walfstein has married the
“High Chamberlain’s daughter!—Is it
“possible?—Oh! the King himself was
“present!—Indeed!—Fact, I assure you!
“I had it from the first hand; but don’t
“mention it; don’t let my name appear,”
&c. &c.

Thus ran Rumour, or rather, thus she flew; but as there was no farther confirmation of these whisperings, as Caroline did not appear, as the Count returned quietly on his embassy to Russia, as the High Chamberlain was discreet, and as, moreover, new secrets made the old forgotten,
it

it was, at length, either not believed or not remembered.

Behold, then, the nuptial day concluded in a very different manner from what might have been imagined. The Baron was required to inform his daughter that her request was granted, and that she had leave to live retired at Rindaw. He was, likewise, to have conducted her thither himself; but Walsstein, fearing he should vent upon her that wrath which had been so much curbed by the King, was desirous to bereave his young bride of so disagreeable a travelling companion. He, therefore, easily persuaded his dear father-in-law that it was most essential to his interest not to leave the Court, in this critical conjuncture; and as the High Chamberlain had not the same taste for retirement with his daughter, he thought proper to confide her to the care of trusty servants, and to send a letter by her to his dear friend the Baroness and Canoness, for she was both, of Rindaw.

This Canoness, with whom we shall soon become acquainted, was a most excellent lady in her way. She had formerly been deeply in love with the High Chamberlain, who, likewise, had himself been as much in love with her as it was possible for him to be;

be ; but reasons of convenience, wealth, and ambition, ever decisive with the High Chamberlain, had determined him to marry the mother of Caroline. The affectionate, the tender, and constant Baroness, thus crossed in love, had vowed celibacy, became a Canoness, retired totally from the fashionable world, and lived privately at her chateau. To meditate on her perfidious High Chamberlain, renew her vows of eternal fidelity, read novels and romances from morning till night, imagine parallels between herself and the heroine of the tale, and to saunter in her gardens, and muse for hours in lonely arbours, had been her mode of life for several years. This passion, so strong, might be said, at last, to perish of inanity and want of food. Therefore, when her dear High Chamberlain, become a widower, offered to recompense her constancy by marriage, she was prudent enough to refuse, alleging she had totally lost the habits of high life, and all relish for courts; which, indeed, was very true : but, pleased with the proposal, she promised eternal friendship, offered to take his daughter under her care, and educate her till the time of her marriage. We have before seen the motives which determined the Baron

ron to accept this offer; and the rather, modestly added he, because he really knew nothing of the education of a daughter.

It might be presumed, our romantic Baroness knew, perhaps, as little as himself of the matter; but, no; a few ridiculous singularities excepted, she did not want understanding, and was really, and earnestly, desirous to fulfil the duty she had undertaken. She had read much, had addicted herself to various useful studies, and had become very capable of instructing her pupil, and of forming her heart and mind.

Some remains, we own, there were of ancient habitudes; of a sentimental and Quixote imagination: and this was the more pleasant by being a singular contrast to her natural character, which was indiscretion personified; though she had an inexhaustible goodness of heart. But it has been remarked that these two qualities are very frequently companions, and the Canoness was an instance of its truth. She was so frank, so unsuspicious, so confiding, and loved so much to talk, that it was not possible for her to keep a secret above half an hour. And, as for friends, every person she saw might soon become her dearest intimate.

Her

Her reputation was so well known, even at court, and her indiscretions so indubitable, that there was an absolute prohibition laid on Caroline not to tell her the secret, as well as on the High Chamberlain. Caroline, who dreaded daily remonstrances and persecutions, was happy at the interdict.

The obedient Baron, ever submissive to his Master's will, wrote, by his order, to the Canoness, that, the projected marriage of his daughter being deferred for some time, he again confided her to the care of his dear friend, the Baroness.

Caroline, provided with this letter, took leave of her father kneeling for pardon and benediction. The High Chamberlain, well satisfied High Chamberlain to remain, granted both the one and the other with a tenderness that did not come truly from the heart. He saw her depart for Rindaw, which was only seven or eight leagues thence, and, soon after, returned himself to Berlin, with the King and the Ambassador.

Caroline could not help being somewhat surprised, at first, at seeing herself alone in one of the Count's carriages. Affected by her father's farewell and the quick
suc-

succession of events, it would be difficult to describe exactly what passed in her mind; all there was tumult and disorder, and she scarcely knew whether it were better to rejoice or weep: all things had happened as she herself had desired; but, perhaps, though she did not confess that to herself, she expected to meet with more resistance; and Caroline was not the only person to whom the facility of obtaining a blessing had diminished its value.

Perhaps, too, her self-love, or her vanity, if any such quality could reside in a breast so pure, would have been more flattered, had a greater desire to detain her been demonstrated. "Here I am," said she to herself (and with a small tincture of sorrow was it said), "Here I am, all alone, left by myself; I said but a word, and my father, the King, and the Count, all three are agreed I may go as soon as I please. Is this indifference, anger, or generosity?"

In the midst of these meditations she recollected the short billet she had torn, and endeavoured again to recall every expression, and every word. She saw the action of the Count, at last, in the most amiable, the most

most generous point of view ; a tear started into her eye, and she sighed, and said, "What a pity it is he should not be handsome !"

Her thoughts, mingled with regret, turned, occasionally, towards her father also, whom she had forsaken, whom she had afflicted, and a little, likewise, on the pleasures she had abandoned, and the sounding titles she might have borne. My Lady, the Countess of Walsstein ! The Russian Ambassador's Lady ! The Lady of the Favourite of the King ! All these she might have been : she was simply Caroline. At certain moments her head was half out of the coach to bid them drive back to Berlin ; but these might be called moments of forgetfulness ; the image of the Count returned, presented itself, she shrunk back, hid herself in the corner, and, congratulating herself on her escape, "No, it is impossible," said she, "it is impossible I ever could support it ! I should die with apprehension : and to see him every day, and all the day, and all the night ! Oh ! no, it is impossible !" Then did she applaud her fortitude, and the manner in which she had fulfilled her duty, saved her father's life, and preserved her liberty.

With these ideas, and such as these, was
her

her full heart occupied for two thirds of the route; but the nearer she approached to Rindaw the feebler grew her regret; she, presently, thought only of the pleasure of again seeing her dear Mamma; for thus she called the Canoness, who, really, to her, had been a mother, and a tender mother.

This Lady idolized her pupil, and seemed to have transferred the tender affection she once felt for the father to the child. When the Baron had come for Caroline, and had told the Canoness his intention to marry her, so great was her despair, and so violent the efforts of separation, that her health was injured; she had been ill ever since; mirth, pleasure, happiness fled with Caroline. Farmers, peasants, servants, the whole village, whose darling and friend she was, ceased not to speak of her, to sigh for her, and to say they had lost their angel and their protector.

Imagine, then, what was the joy of all these good people, when, one evening, by the clear light of the moon, a coach drove through the village (a thing that seldom happened, at Rindaw), and stopped at the chateau, and as it stopped, and as the eager inhabitants crowded to see what and who it was, Caroline, their beloved, their adored

Caroline, appeared. Enraptured to behold her, for the smile and the flush of joy on Caroline's countenance acted with sympathetic magic on them all, they knew not what to say, how to testify their feelings.

"Are not you glad, my dear friends," said she, "that I am come again to live among you; again am one of yourselves? Are you not glad to see me once more?"

Eager enthusiasm and tumultuous rapture spoke, but they spoke in confusion; and, their cries reaching the ear of the Canoness, she ran out to see what all this noise meant. She ran, and she beheld—Yes, it was Caroline—Her beloved! Her child! Her darling! She was in her arms, and the sweet tears of sensibility, unrestrained, flowed plentifully.

"Mamma! Mamma! My dear Mamma, your happy Caroline is returned, never to leave you more!"

The Canoness was the daughter of Sensibility: her frame was slender, her habit sickly, and her nerves delicate. Caroline was alarmed to see her so much affected, her joy amounted almost to suffocation; but the effects of joy are not often fatal. She recovered by degrees, and began to inquire of her beloved pupil what enchantment had
con-

conveyed her thither. Caroline, without further explanation, gave her the letter of the High Chamberlain; she read it, and wanted further information concerning this marriage deferred just at the moment of its conclusion.

“The last post,” said the Baroneſs, “brought me a letter from thy father, which informed me the day was fixed—The day fixed!—Yes, it was this very day, I believe—Let me ſee—Yes, it was this very day—This is very ſtrange!—I declare it is the moſt ſingular adventure I ever heard of, and I delight in ſingular adventures—Tell me, tell me the whole, how was it?—Thou knoweſt thou mayeſt rely on my prudence, I’ll not ſay a word; if there is any ſecret in the affair, depend upon me.”—Caroline knew juſt the contrary, yet was ſhe obliged to uſe conſiderable efforts over herſelf, not to tell her dear friend every thing ſhe thought, who, till then, had ever been the partner of all her joys and griefs; her innocent heart, unaccuſtomed to diſſemble, ill could perform the taſk; and, had it not been for the ſevere, the abſolute prohibition impoſed upon her, and the fearful condition annexed to her imprudence, ſhe certainly had told all.

To

To come as near the truth, however, as possible, for falsehood and Caroline were natural foes, she confessed that she herself was the cause of delay, that she could not endure the deformity of the Count, for which reason, said she, "they have granted me a respite, but I am certain I shall never change."

She then, by way of excuse, gave her friend a portrait of Walstein, which she undoubtedly did not much embellish. The Baroness scarcely could let her finish, so highly was she provoked that they should ever once think of marrying her sweet Caroline to such a monster.

"The High Chamberlain has certainly lost his understanding!" said she. "But be comforted, my dear child, thou knowest I have some ascendancy over him, and either this ascendancy is entirely gone or this absurd marriage never shall take place. I give thee my promise, depend upon me, make thyself easy, thou never shalt be Countess of Walstein. The wife of the lame and the blind! What, thou! No, no, we will find as good a husband as he who shall be able to see thy beauty with both eyes; aye, and they shall be fine eyes too, and I warrant thee he shall walk upright. A

charming spouse they had chosen thee, truly! It was just the same with me, when I was thy age; I must be married without ever being consulted; but they were mistaken; I saw my gentleman squinted most frightfully, and never would hear another word on the subject. I own, I loved thy father to distraction at that time, and there is nothing inspires fortitude like love. My grand system is that young people should be most passionately enamoured with each other before they marry, for what else can make us support the duties, fatigues, and pangs of the marriage state? Yes, my child, marriages of pure passion are the only happy marriages; for which reason, I refused all other: and though I likewise refused to marry the High Chamberlain, after thy mother's death, it was in support of my system, and because I felt I had only a tender friendship and not a passionate affection for him, which is so essential to happiness. Love, love, mutual love, 'tis that that makes the house of Hymen the house of joy."

Caroline, embarrassed, and burthened with her secret, with downcast eyes, silently listened to this inundation of words; and the happy Canoness, who for three months past had been deprived of the pleasure of speaking

speaking at her ease, took ample revenge and did not wait for an answer; she only paused a moment for breath, and then, with an air of penetration in her eye, thus continued:

“But I believe, my child, it is not love that gave thee this fortitude and this resistance—Is it?—Tell me, make me thy confidante; come, own thou hast seen some one who has found the way to please thee better than the Count.”

“Alas!” replied Caroline, with innocent simplicity, “all men can please me better than the Count.”

“All! That is saying a great deal, indeed. But didst thou never distinguish any one in particular? Hast thou never seen the man for whom thou wouldest wish to live, and with whom thou wouldest wish to die? Has no one yet found a place in thy heart?”

“No, indeed, Mamma,” said Caroline, sighing; “I am in love with nobody, nor is any body in love with me.”

“Well, that is very singular! There are certainly, then, no longer men so handsome as thy father at court. But have patience, my dear, all in good time, the man will be found, I warrant; as for this Count, never let me hear his name mentioned, for thou

never shalt be his wife, that I am determined."

The poor young Countess again replied only with a sigh, kissed her dear Mamma, said her friendship was all she asked, and retired to her old apartment to repose after the fatigues of a very trying day.

In the morning she awoke, looked round, and scarcely knew where or what she was. "Good God!" said she, collecting her ideas, "Is it true, or is it a dream? Am I a wife? Is my faith plighted, my hands chained, never more to be free? Do I but enjoy the shadow of a liberty of which the very next moment I may be deprived, and for which I am indebted to the generosity, only, of him to whom I appertain? Appertain!—Do I then appertain to some one, and have I for ever lost the hope of disposing of myself!"

Not all the flow of spirits natural to her age, not all that sweetness and happiness of temper natural to herself, could, for some time, banish this corroding idea from her mind: it empoisoned her pleasures, it robbed her of that gaiety and those enlivening graces with her, formerly, so habitual. The indulgent Canoness, attributing her melancholy to the privation of town pleasures, feigned not to perceive it, and redoubled
her

her cares and careffes to make her retreat fupportable. Not only the Canonefs, but the fervants, individually, and even the very animals, testified their joy at the return of their favourite, and the reciprocal attachment they felt for her who had fo often felt for them. The tender heart of Caroline was the very oppofite to infenfible, and the fecret charm which fancy affixes to thofe haunts in which the fports of childhood have paff, added to the foft delight of being beloved by every perfon around her, foon had their ufual effect; ſhe fell into her former habits, and her daily occupations became as pleafant, now, as before her refidence at Berlin. Her flower-garden, neglected while ſhe was abſent, again flouriſhed under her eye, and was enamelled with a thouſand various buds and ten thouſand tints and dyes. Again her aviary was re-peopled, and the new-mown hay, the yellow harveſt, the diſtant mountains covered with flocks of ſheep, the browsing cattle, the ſports of the green, and the ruſtic flageolet amused and delighted her as much as ere ſhe had ſeen the ſpectacles of Luxury and the feaſts of Pride. Theſe far-fetched pleaſures had been but momentary, and had rather dazzled than intoxicated; while thoſe

of Nature, simple but real, and always preferred by the unadulterated heart and the elevated mind, ever various and ever sublime, are beheld without weariness, and enjoyed without self-detestation.

She seldom heard from Berlin. Her father, whose cherished anger was only smothered, and who was, besides, totally occupied by his court dignities and state employments, seldom wrote, and her husband never. The High Chamberlain had another motive, indeed, for his silence; he hoped dulness would soon make her tired of her retreat; and Walsstein, remembering only how much pain it must cost her to reply, was silent lest he should distress. Neither did he well know in what manner to treat a lady so young, whom he knew not, by whom he was unknown, and who, he might well suppose, thought him little less than an odious tyrant. Hoping every thing, therefore, from time and maturity of reason, he patiently waited their effects, and returned to Petersburg and his duty. There, multiplicity of business and affairs of great importance occupied him so entirely, that we will not pretend to affirm he did not even think the caprice of his young bride very fortunate; since, without lay-
ing

ing a constraint on her inclinations, it placed her in that kind of retreat, during his absence, which he himself would most have desired, without, perhaps, daring to ask.

The result of all this was, that Caroline had scarcely remained three months at Rindaw before all that had passed appeared but as a dream; which she scarcely could, and never wished perfectly to recollect. She was even careful to banish all ideas from her mind that were any way relative to the Count, and no one sought to make her remember them.

Her friend, perceiving that at the very name of Walsstein her countenance was clouded and her mind disturbed, was careful never to pronounce it; and thus, at length, was this union so far effaced from her mind, that, had any one asked her if she was married, the probabilities were that she would, in the first moment of forgetfulness, very sincerely, have answered, No.

None of the ideas she brought from court remained, except an earnest desire of becoming equal in knowledge, and in grace, to some few distinguished ladies she had there beheld; and, to effect these purposes, the winter was employed in music, drawing, the study of English and Italian, for the

French she had already been taught. In these, by the help of good masters, she made great progress. Undisturbed by passion, much time, a strong desire for instruction, an unincumbered memory, and a genius of the first order, were advantages by which she profited surprisingly. Reading was not neglected, and her natural good taste led her to a proper choice of books. Her person kept pace with her mind, and advanced to angelic perfection. Each succeeding day seemed to bestow some new grace, and, all beautiful as she was one month, she was evidently more beautiful the next. She grew taller, and her shape was so fine, each limb and feature so proportionate, her colour was so blooming, the white so pure, the red so transparent, her eyes so mild, so large, so expressive, so innocent and yet so animated, that it was a delight to look upon her. Virgin timidity she had, but no ill-timed bashfulness that makes even the form of beauty unmeaning: if the sympathetic tale of feeling were told, the precious pearls of sensibility would brighten in her eye, and fall on her cheek; and if the poet, with sublime hand, touched the lyre, genius would instantly rush on her imagination, animate her form, and illuminate her countenance. Her

Her voice too she learnt to modulate, and it acquired a sweetness and flexibility that, when she sang to the harp, or Spanish guitar, it was not possible to resist those mild emotions, those delicious sensations, which she so well could feel, and so powerfully inspire.

To these, her talents, her graces and her gifts, she added another; which, though perhaps not so esteemed, is still more uncommon, and not less captivating. There was an elegant simplicity and an air of dignity in her dress that seemed to make grace itself more graceful. These, added to her bright auburn ringlets, profuse in growth and flowing on her neck and shoulders, made her a creature such as the imagination scarcely can conceive, and such as tongue, or pen, must never hope to describe.

Yes, such, and still more beautiful, was Caroline, at sixteen, while all these blooming sweets seemed doomed to wither in the desert air, unseen, except by the homely village swains, unadmired, except by the good Canoness.

She, it is true, was all ecstasy, and never ceased regretting the happy times of knight-hood and enamoured chevaliers, when Caro-

line would have, undoubtedly, been the paragon of courts, the arbiters of tilts and tournaments, and the reward of valour that never had been equalled. How often did she vow, as she beheld her, silently appealing to every sacred power, that the Count of Walstein never should be master of such a profusion of charms! How unappeasable, how enraged, how furious would she have been, had she known she was already his, and that Caroline was thus improving, thus embellishing, for him alone! A Prince, at least, she deserved; but might the Canoness have chosen, it should have been a husband of romance, beauteous as Astolpho, faithful as Amadis, and tender as Celadon: neither could she help being astonished to find that they did not come in crowds to Rindaw, to dispute the hand of the lovely Caroline.

As to Caroline herself, she was astonished at none of these things, and only desired to remain as she was. Ever peaceable, and ever busy, happiness seemed incapable of increase, except that, sometimes, when she was alone, and even in the midst of those occupations she most delighted in, she would feel a kind of mild melancholy come over her, or rather a dream, a reverie without subject, and without end, of which she knew

knew not, nor sought, the cause. This was a very different sort of sensation from that which her marriage had occasioned; the one was painful and oppressive, the other so pleasant, that, were it not for the efforts she occasionally made, she could have remained whole hours in that kind of gentle trance which the guests of heaven only are supposed perfectly to enjoy.

In these happy occupations and still happier dreams did winter glide away, for nothing makes time so short as employing it well; and the return of spring began to add to her pleasures, which, however, were cruelly interrupted. Her good Mamma, who so long had been languishing, at last fell dangerously ill. To know how sincerely she was attached to the Canoness, to express the greatness of her fears, and to imagine all the duties, cares, and attentions she paid her, one must have the heart of Caroline. During her illness, which lasted almost a month, she never quitted her bedside, and it was with difficulty they could get her to repose a little while, occasionally, in the same chamber. Let no one imagine that the fear of again falling into her father's or her husband's power, if her friend should die, occasioned this severe grief. However na-

tural such a thought might be, it never once entered her mind. Harassed by apprehension, absorbed in sorrow, wholly occupied by nursing, and solacing, and fearing for her friend, Caroline never once thought of herself.

No ; had it been necessary, to restore life to the Canons, that Caroline must have yielded hers to the Count, she would not have hesitated a single instant. But, happily, to this cruel proof she was not put. Heaven, touched by her tears, attentive to her prayers, which never saint offered more sincere, preserved the life of her friend ; the good Canons recovered by degrees, to which recovery the tenderness of Caroline did not, perhaps, contribute less than the prescriptions of the physician ; at least, so the Canons thought, and so said, and therefore redoubled, if it were possible, her former attachment to the lovely girl who gave such unequivocal proofs of affection.

During her illness she received a visit from the High Chamberlain. Alarmed, as he protested, at the danger of his dear friend, he had flown to Rindaw. Some people have pretended this was not his motive, but that he had hoped to take back his daughter, and with her own consent. Continually
con-

controverted in all his schemes, he, unfortunately, found the sick lady somewhat better, and the attentive Caroline never out of her sight, never leaving her for a moment, more powerfully fixed at Rindaw by her love for the Canoneſs than even by her fear of the Count. This, certainly, was not the time to mention returning, nor yet the place; wherefore not a hint was dropped, nor was the name of Walſtein once pronounced, who was ſtill at Peterſburgh.

The Canoneſs, indeed, would have pronounced it if ſhe could, that is, if ſhe had been able to expreſs all the indignation ſhe felt at this marriage; but, alas! ſhe was too weak, ſhe only juſt told the High Chamberlain that his daughter was an angel, that her life was preſerved by her affection and care, and that ſhe would, therefore, conſecrate her life to her happineſs. The Baron ſoon departed, informing them he ſhould pay them a ſecond viſit in autumn. It was then he expected the return of the Ambaſſador, and he told his daughter he hoped to find her perfectly reaſonable and prudent.

At any other time a viſit from her father would have moſt powerfully brought to
mind

mind what Caroline most wished to forget ; but she was then too much occupied by her cares for her friend, and had lately been too much agitated concerning her, to think of any thing else. Present danger effaces, or, at least, enfeebles the fear of future, and Caroline was too happy to see the Canoness recovering to imagine she ever could be miserable.

Not but that, at the Baron's departure, the autumnal visit he announced with so much solemnity occasioned a kind of dread she could not overcome ; and, without remembering the emotion she might cause her convalescent, she fell on her neck, kissed her cheeks, bathed them with her tears, and exclaimed, " O my dear, dear Mamma, now you are restored to me, never will I leave you more, but live and die with you." Her friend, affected even to excess, returned her caresses, and promised that, if possible, they would never separate.

The fear of the moment over, peace again took possession of the soul of Caroline. She presently forgot the autumnal visit which was at so prodigious a distance. Is it for sixteen to fear an evil six months before it shall happen ? Not to mention that she had something else to do than think
about

about any such thing. As soon as the Canoness was sufficiently recovered, she ran, morning and evening, about the garden, from flower to flower, and from arbour to arbour, enchanted and amazed at the progress which nature had made during her month's retreat, that the sorrows of a suffering friend had not contributed to enliven. Never before had the return of spring made such an impression upon her: for, indeed, this was the first time of her life she had remarked and felt the growing charms of the reviving earth in all their infant varieties; then, when each returning day Nature assumes a newer, and still a fresher face; still bequeaths other, and more abundant, blessings to man; and, with her pure breath, inspires pleasure, plenty, and gladness of heart!

What a contrast, this, to the close chamber, the bed of pain, watered with tears, the distracting complaints of her dear friend, and the dread of being left desolate; for, if her friend died, who should comfort Caroline! Yes, these mournful objects, these fearful apprehensions were exchanged for the cowslip meadow, the budding grove, the lilac, the violet, honeysuckle, and the rose of May, to which succeeded the hyacinth,

cinth, the ranunculus, the anemone, and the tulip, enamelling the earth and perfuming the air. At day-break was heard the warbling of ten thousand birds, and at the setting sun the nightingale and the linnnet again began their song, responsive from tree to tree, in sounds melodious, wild, and sweet.

Nothing was indifferent to, nothing lost, nothing unobserved by, Caroline. She felt all, all enjoyed, enjoyed with rapture; believed she inhabited an enchanted world, and her happiness remained uninterrupted. The season, reviving to Nature, gave new life and health also to her friend, and she recovered rapidly. A weakness in the lungs and a disorder of the eyes made her still keep her chamber, but she could breathe the pure air of spring in the balcony; she could see her Caroline course along the gardens, collect the flowers, support those that drooped, and water and preserve them from weeds; she could hear her sweet voice mingle with the song of birds, and thus enjoyed the pleasures and the sports of Caroline.

Another very interesting incident was added to this rural happiness of the youthful Countess. She wished to raise some monument consecrated to her friend, and the

the happy epocha of her recovery. Desirous of causing an agreeable surprise, she took advantage of the time during which the Canonefs was still held recluse in her chamber, to erect a small temple without her knowledge. For which reason, she chose her spot in an angle of the garden, and at the far end of it, towards which the windows of the Canonefs did not look. On this spot was a wild irregular arbour, full in foliage. The beech tree, the hazle, the woodbine, and the jessamine, were there abundant; among them the path that led to the arbour winded, and beside them a small clear brook ran murmuring.

The Canonefs had planted this arbour during the time her unfortunate passion was at its height; the name of the perfidious High Chamberlain had been traced on every tree by her beauteous hand; and she had always preserved her former predilection for this spot, the scene of her sorrows, her tenderness, and truth.

Caroline was pleased with it, likewise; the thick shrubs and uninterrupted security made it the delighted haunt of the red breast, the wren, the finch, and the linnet, and the Baronefs and Caroline had, many a summer, passed delicious moments amid
the

the refreshing foliage. At the farther end, therefore, of this favoured asylum did she resolve to erect the Temple of Friendship. Caroline informed her father, secretly, of her project, which he willingly forwarded by sending her the necessary workmen. A door which opened to the road gave them free egress and regress, without being perceived from the chateau, and Caroline was too great a favourite among the servants to fear their indiscretion. The Canoness, confined to her apartment, suspected nothing of all this; Caroline might, perhaps, have betrayed herself, had this happened six months sooner, but she had learned to keep one secret, and the second was certainly far less burthenfome. Neither care, assiduity, nor money were wanting; her zeal communicated itself to the workmen; she furnished ideas, drew plans, and was always the first in the morning at the building, which went forward with excessive rapidity, and which was finished in less than a month.

As soon as the temple was ready for the reception of her friend, she was most earnest in her entreaties to go there. "The air of your arbour, Mamma, is so cool, so refreshing, so pure, the foliage is so abundant, and the flowers so sweet, you will be delighted."

"I have

“ I have no doubt of it, my dear, but thou knowest I cannot walk so far.”

“ If that be all, I will carry you thither myself, Mamma.”

Caroline was so pressing, that the Canoness, who could deny her nothing, suffered herself, at last, to be carried in her arm-chair, and was well rewarded for her condescension, by the surprise, the pleasure, and the new mark of affection thus testified by her adopted daughter.

This little temple, or pavilion, was an octagon; the architecture was exceedingly simple. Eight columns of white stucco left an open space, which was paved, in Mosaic, with black and white marble. In the middle was an altar of white marble ornamented with festoons of most elegant sculpture; upon the altar stood a bust of the Canoness, modelled after an exceedingly good portrait in the possession of Caroline. In her youth she had been beautiful; and, when the High Chamberlain was her lover, he had more than one rival. It gave her pleasure often to remark, that she was thought greatly to resemble the statue of Cleopatra. Though grief and years had stolen the roses from her cheeks, and destroyed somewhat
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of this resemblance, her features were still sufficiently regular for a very agreeable bust.

Caroline was very desirous of engraving some verses on the base of the altar, indicating to whom it was consecrated : but, as she determined not to borrow, it was necessary to write them herself ; and, as the talent of poetry is not, however it may be supposed, intuitive, but requires long application and severe study before it can be good, Caroline was not a good poet. She made the attempt, however ; for, when the feelings are strong and the ideas flowing in abundance, the expression of them seems, before trial, to be exceedingly easy ; but, when the essay is made, is found to be exactly the reverse. Caroline wrote and effaced, interlined, tore, began again, and, at last, wrote some verses which might be, once, heard with pleasure, but which did not deserve to be engraved in marble. At first she was enchanted with them, but presently recoiled at recollecting they should always remain there, and would be read by everyone. Renouncing poetical fame, therefore, she caused a simple inscription, in letters of gold, to be written, beneath the bust, indicating the day, the month, and the year
in

in which the Canonefs was fnatched from the grave, herfelf reftored to happinefs, and this Temple dedicated to Friendfhip.

A double ftair-cafe of white marble led to an upper apartment of the fame dimensions and form with that beneath, that is to fay octagonal, but walled in and lighted by four large windows. The cieling was a lofty dome, painted with fuch art that it perfectly imitated a moft ferene and crystal fky. Round the walls, between the windows, were paintings, emblematic of the perfon to whom the temple was dedicated. In one of the partitions was Caroline, kneeling to Efculapius, ardently invoking his aid, and pointing to her expiring friend. In the fecond Caroline was affifting her as fhe rofe, while little Genii fported around her, fcattered flowers, overfet the table on which phials and phyfical remedies were placed, and broke the javelin of Death who was feen flying in the back ground. In the third a pavilion was building, Caroline placing the buft upon the altar, and the Genii of friendfhip and gratitude engraving the infcription. In the fourth, and laft, Caroline was leading, and fuftraining with one arm, the Canonefs, whofe attitude expreffed furprife and joy, and extending the
other

other towards the temple she had been building, and which she there presented to her.

The partitions were wainscot, and had doors, behind each of which was a recess for a small library; a table stood in the middle, and cabriole chairs round the room.

In short, nothing was forgotten, yet all was planned and conducted by a young girl of sixteen; but this girl was inspired and informed by friendship: her heart overflowing with this affection, and, totally ignorant of any other, loving by nature, without other object of attachment than this her dear and only friend, to her the effusions of sensibility were all directed, and the dread of losing her had rendered them still more creative, more powerful, and more profuse. Genius likewise begins to show itself at her age, and the mind and imagination have then an ardor that must find employment, a fire that will have fuel. Independent of the pleasure she should give her friend, that which pertained to herself, alone, was far from small. To build was in some sort to create, each new idea was a new enjoyment, the execution and the effect of which gave her momentary rapture. Caroline, perhaps, never enjoyed greater felicity than
9 while

while she was thus employed ; so has she since frequently acknowledged, and never, afterwards, beheld this monument of affection and friendship without emotion.

Let the reader, if the reader can, imagine the ecstasy of the sentimental Baroness. It was the denouement of a romance, an incident of surprise so unexpected, and so perfectly conformable to her ideas and taste, that it seemed imagined and contrived purposely for her—a temple built by enchantment by the wand of a Fairy, or the talisman of a Genius. Behold her clasping the lovely Sylph in her arms to whom she is indebted for this prodigy ! and lo ! Caroline kneeling, kissing her hands, and expressing her multitudinous sensations by looks and silence incapable of speech ! see them mingle their tears, each contending for superior gratitude and love !

This was the moment in which Caroline felt happiness unmixed, free from the slightest shade of pain, and as pure as it was innocent. Happy age ! existing but for the present moment, forgetful of the past, and regardless of the future ! Rindaw was the world to Caroline, and her pavilion the Temple of Felicity. So enamoured was she of it, that she passed her whole time there,

there, when she was not with her friend. The moment she left the Baroness she flew to the pavilion, and she scarcely could quit it without regret. The lofty dome was most excellently adapted to music, the sound was echoed, lengthened and increased; and accordingly, all the instruments were carried thither, so that, presently, it was impossible to play or sing any where but in the pavilion.

The clear light was equally excellent for drawing; for, by means of the four windows and Venetian blinds, the light might be disposed in what manner the painter pleased; and pencils, pallets and colours were all transported thither.

The place was so tranquil, so undisturbed, so free from noise and interruption, that it was the properest in the world for reading, and Caroline's whole library stole thither by degrees. Caroline scarcely had any other apartment; she never entered her own room, except to sleep, or hastily arrange her dress, and often in that of her dear mamma she felt a kind of impatience to be gone. Novelty is a pleasure which habit soon renders absolutely necessary.

Let us, however, do justice to Caroline. She was all impatience that her friend should
so

so far recover her strength as daily to come and live with her in her dear pavilion ; and so charmed was the Baroness to see Caroline thus happy, that she contributed every thing in her power to continue the sweet delirium. How long it was to continue, how long she was to love her pavilion for itself alone, we shall presently see.

Hitherto, the tranquil existence of Caroline has glided away untroubled in its progress, except the now forgotten week at Berlin, unmolested by love or hatred ; for her repugnance to Walsstein, her dread of living with him, was not hatred ; and if, by chance, she thought of him, the remembrance inspired gratitude for the present liberty in which she lived. But this was, indeed, a kind of chance that seldom happened ; seldom, indeed, did the recollection of the Count intrude itself, and the enjoyment of present pleasures effaced his image from her mind almost to total forgetfulness. Her freedom she enjoyed as though it had been absolute, and did not ill resemble a bird secured by a thread, winging the air, warbling, and fancying itself as free as the feathered songsters that vault from bush to bush : its forgotten captivity is not perceived till the hand that retains it draws

gently back, catches, and carefully again incloses it within the cage.

Caroline had lately received some new music from Berlin ; among it was a collection of lyric compositions, some of which she was delighted with, and one in particular. The air suited her voice, and the words her feelings ; she sang it from morning to night, accompanying herself alternately on the guitar, the harp, and the piano forte, and each time of repeating it, finding a wish and a pleasure to repeat it again.

It is necessary to this our history that we should insert this song ; and, perhaps, our readers will not be displeased to see words that gave Caroline so much delight.

I.

Gentle Eugenia, lovely maid,
 Supine on flow'ry bank was laid,
 She and the year alike were in their spring ;
 Of Love she oft had heard the name,
 Of Love she ne'er had felt the flame,
 Gentle Eugenia thus was heard to sing :
 " Peaceful Indiff'rence, let me know,
 " Of Bliss art thou the friend, or foe ?

II.

" Love lives and breathes in every part
 " Of Nature's works, except my heart ;
 " Each bosom heaves, save mine, with melting sighs :
 " Ah why this apathy, this calm ?
 " If Love be Nature's sov'reign balm,
 " Why

"Why should not I with Nature sympathize ?

"Indiff'rence, thou, if this be so,

"No friend of Bliss art, but the foe.

III.

"Yet, lo, the butterfly and bee,

"From bud to bud, inconstant, flee;

"On sweets they surfeit, first, and then forsake;

"And, thus, to rove and riot prone,

"Has Love, like them, been ever known

"Of selfish pleasures eager to partake.

"Ah! dear Indiff'rence, thee I know

"The friend of Bliss, and not the foe."

IV.

"Disloyal, and devoid of truth,

"Full many a virgin, many a youth,

"Thou, Love, to sighs and tears, untold, dost doom;

"While I can peaceful sit and smile,

"As free from sorrow as from guile,

"Can view the young lambs sport, the flow'rets bloom.

"Yes, dear Indiff'rence, thee I know

"The friend of Bliss, and not the foe."

V.

Thus sang the maid, and Love, who, long,

Had angry listen'd to the song,

Straight vow'd revenge, and seiz'd the pointed dart;

And, ere the sound had well expir'd

'Twas whirl'd, and as it fled it fir'd;

The virgin felt it glowing in her heart:

Eugenia sigh'd, "Yes! now I know

"Indiff'rence is of Bliss the foe!"

As she was singing this song, one day,
in the pavilion, and, as it this time hap-
pened,

pened, accompanying herself with her guitar, she expressively repeated

Yes, dear Indiff'rence, thee I know
The friend of Bliss, and not the foe,

when she heard another voice, as sweet and melodious as her own, but deeper and more sonorous, that sung, as a second,

Listen to Love, and thou shalt know
Indiff'rence is of Bliss the foe.

The accent, the voice, the expression, were very different from the rustic songs to which she was accustomed, and gave her infinite surprise. She left singing, listened, but heard the voice no more; she then again began to sing, but in a softer tone, and an accompaniment less loud; and distinctly heard, as she wished, the voice once more. With her guitar in her hand, she ran towards the casement to look towards the high road, where she saw a youth, beautiful, finely formed, and arrived at full manhood, in a hunting dress, leaning on his fowling-piece, with his eyes fixed on the temple. This, no doubt, was the person who sang. Caroline, however, had but a glance of him; for the moment she beheld him, confused and ashamed of having been heard and seen, and of her own curiosity,

osity, she instantly retired to the farther side of the pavilion, where, standing on tip-toe, and stretching forwards, she looked, with all her might, through the window from which she had fled; but it was too far distant, she could see nothing. She would have begun again to sing, only to see if she should again have been accompanied; but her voice failed her, she could not, or durst not, force out a single sound, and scarcely, and but lightly, could she touch a few chords on her guitar. Thus she remained for some time; at length, no longer able to subdue her curiosity, after having advanced eight paces and retired four, she took courage, and went up to the window. Alas! the beauteous sportsman, the youth, was gone; she saw him slowly proceeding along the road, and turning his head, every moment, anxiously towards the pavilion.

This was a very trifling adventure, to be sure; perfectly, at least apparently, insignificant in its consequences. A sportsman passed, by chance, near a pavilion newly erected, and decorated with taste. He saw, remarked it, and heard most sweet music as he stood; he listened, and yielded to the desire of joining in sounds so delightful. He

then beheld a charming virgin approach the window, and it was very natural he should look at her. What, indeed, could be more natural? And yet was Caroline occupied, the whole day, by reflecting on these incidents, as if they had been the most extraordinary possible.

We own that to Caroline, who saw each succeeding day but like the day before, a common incident might seem strange, and any being who should interrupt solitude, so continued and so absolute as her's, might well appear singular. Of this youth, therefore, she often thought, and as often wondered who he might be, or why he should travel a road where beings like himself were so seldom seen. Of these her cogitations, however, she said not a word; for she felt some vague idea of dread lest her dear pavilion should become an interdicted place, and this, to her, would have been worse than death.

On the morrow, therefore, she flew with more early haste even than usual, and, after having passed an hour, looking through the window towards the road, and well assuring herself, by examining every way, that no one could either see or hear her, she took her guitar, sat down with the sash thrown
up,

up, and sang her favourite song from beginning to end; and, though she always had liked the last verse the least, it, this time, so far took her fancy that it was repeated: she next sung it to her harp, and afterwards to her piano forte. At this, however, she did not long remain; for it stood at the far end of the pavilion, and Caroline found the air so pure, so mild, so refreshing, that she could not possibly sit any where but at the window. She had written down the second that she had heard, and repeated in every kind of mode

Yes, dear Indiff'rence, thee I know
The friend of Bliss, and not the foe;

which, alas! no one came to contradict.

Tired, at length, and, for aught we know, somewhat chagrined to sing so long by herself when there were people in the world who so harmoniously could bear a part, she threw down her music, laid by her instrument, ran into the garden, plucked some flowers which she tossed without order into her flower-basket, and, for want of other amusement, again returned to the pavilion, took up her pallet and her pencil, and carelessly began to imitate the tints and beauties she had been collecting. It was

with difficulty, at first, she could any way fix her attention, and she looked oftener toward the window than the pannel on which she painted; but her work, by degrees, drew her attention and wholly occupied her. The flowers, which from her traces took birth, pleased her; each new touch was happy, and gave a new effect; the powers of genius were roused and high in action when, suddenly, the clattering of a horse's hoofs were heard at a distance.

This noise, though of a very different nature, was little less surprising than the melodious sounds of the evening before; it bore no resemblance to the slow and heavy step of the beast of burden or the village horse. Accordingly, the pencil was thrown by, and Caroline, in a moment, was at the window, looking every way. She presently beheld, and not far distant, a fine handsome man, mounted on a gray horse that champed the bit he seemed to disdain, and foaming obeyed the restraining hand of his graceful rider.

How observant, how piercing, how exact is the female eye! Scarcely had Caroline seen the stranger of over-night, who was in a green sporting dress; the present youth
wore

wore a uniform; the one was on foot, the other on horseback; the first sung, the latter galloped. How little did these things resemble each other! and yet did Caroline, instantly, recollect these two to be one and the same person. It was not possible to resist that curiosity that desired to know if this youth could ride as well as he could sing. He, or rather his horse, advanced, for the proud animal was difficult to detain and not easy to manage; yet was he forgotten the moment his rider had a glance of Caroline: the hand quitted the bridle for the hat (for what cavalier would forbear to salute an angelic creature who appeared to be the goddess of the temple?) and the impatient steed, profiting by momentary liberty, and, perhaps, somewhat frightened at the sudden motion of the rider, gave a prodigious plunge, which would have unhorsed a rider less firm and daring, and set off, full speed, regardless of every effort of the cavalier, and quick as lightning, was out of sight.

Caroline, greatly terrified, gave a piercing shriek, and followed the horse and his rider with looks of anxiety and dread as long as she could, which, however, was but a moment; they were gone, but her fears

remained, and again, and ardently, she looked, though nothing was there to be seen. Fear, like other beings, propagates and multiplies, and Caroline saw the noble cavalier falling from his horse, rolled in the dust, wounded, and trampled on.—If the dangerous beast would but run towards the village, he might there, perhaps, be stopped, the people might come to his master's aid, and they might bring him back, if wounded, to the chateau. For a moment she thought to have sent the servants after him, but after whom? She herself knew not. And which road? for there were several at leaving the village. Besides, it was not easy to overtake a horse full speed. And then how could she give these orders? It seemed so particular, at least so she feared it would seem. No, she never could resolve, and, therefore, remain she must with all her anxious inquietudes.

These she endeavoured to calm by recollecting how firm, how graceful, the officer sat, and how certain he seemed of his power before that vexatious salutation, for which she wholly reproached herself; having no other person to salute, she hoped the horse would lose his fears, and the cavalier regain

gain his command ; and even that she should be happy enough to see him again, on the morrow ; “ and really,” said she to herself, “ he ought to come merely to quiet my apprehensions.”

The agitation of Caroline had totally deprived her of any desire any longer to sing or paint ; so, after a few turns in the garden, still thinking on the youth who, like an apparition, had twice suddenly appeared, and twice as suddenly vanished, she returned to keep the Baroness company ; to whom, however, she did not mention a syllable of what had happened ; fearing, no doubt, to terrify her as much as she had been terrified herself. She went to bed impatiently wishing for the morrow, and ardently hoping she should either see the stranger, or, at least, be certified he had escaped unhurt. Yesterday, simple and pure curiosity had engaged her to think of him ; to-day, humanity was added, for the life of a man was endangered. After many reflections on the subject, and after being very angry with unruly horses, that will not suffer cavaliers to be polite, and take off their hats to ladies, Caroline, at last, fell asleep.

On the morrow——Why on the mor-

row it rained, in torrents, from morning to night; it was a day that might well have been a day during Noah's flood; it was as impossible to go to the pavilion, as it was to suppose any one could ride out on such a day. Caroline, baulked in all her expectations, found the day intolerably tedious, and, tired, and vexed to death, could find no mode pleasantly to employ her time; her books, her music, her drawings, all were at the pavilion; her heart was at the pavilion, also, and she herself most impatiently wished to be there, but, ah! it was impossible.

Conversations with her dear Mamma, concerning rain and fine weather, and most sincere wishes for the return of the latter, singeing the burthen of *Peaceful Indifference*, and imagining the second, remembering the galloping horse, and again hoping for the morrow, were the best means Caroline could find of passing the day. The morrow—why this good-for-nothing morrow was as bad as the former one; the rain was worse and worse, and the clouds seemed all to have made an appointment to meet at Rindaw. It was too much for nature to bear, and Caroline, for the first time in her life, was really out of temper, and shewed

shewed she was so. "Is it not intolerable, Mamma, that one cannot so much as step into the pavilion? There is my flower-basket, which I had begun to paint! The flowers will be all faded, and those in the garden will be beat down and deluged by this good-for-nothing unceasing rain! I shall find the leaves all torn from the roses, and nothing but the thorns remaining."

Alas! poor Caroline! the thorns already are in thy heart; thy gaiety, before so uniform, is now no more; that cheerful void of care, happily improvident, which gave thee smiles and songs, as well beneath the gloomy as the golden and the azure sky, that and these are fled.

So impatient was Caroline once more to behold the dazzling brightness of the sun, that she consulted, on this second day, every barometer and every servant in the house; every moment was looking to see if the clouds were likely to disperse; but, no, they seemed for ever emptying and for ever increasing. At length, however, in the evening, a purple cloud, streaking the horizon, gave some small hopes; a fresh wind sprang up, and they were confirmed; and in the morning, when Caroline waked, she
had

had the pleasure to perceive the sun's rays illuminating her curtains, and the shining ardor of day enlightening her apartment. The disappointment of the time past augmented the pleasure of the time present, and scarcely would she wait till the path was dry before she flew to the pavilion.

Not her flowers, so much regretted, not her books, for which she seemed to sigh, nor yet her music, which might enliven the dulness of dark and cloudy weather, were the things that first drew her attention : it was the window and the road, uniform and inanimate as such objects may seem, that attracted and riveted the eyes of Caroline. She looks this way, that way, and every way ; she listens and fears to breathe ; yet nothing sees, nothing hears ; she examines the humid green sward, and the gravel path, trying if she can discover the new-made traces of a horse's hoof. " Ah ! could I only know he had passed this way, that he were safe, that no accident had happened, how tranquil, how perfectly contented should I be ! For, certainly, I was the cause of his misfortune. If I had left the window, he would not have pulled off his hat, and his horse would not have been frightened ; but only let me get the least glimpse of him,
once

once again, and I will withdraw instantly, that he no more may be tempted to salute me." Thus to herself said Caroline.

Now, so it happened, just as thus she had said, she not only had a glimpse, but a full view of a cavalier, wearing the same uniform, mounted on the same gray, unruly horse, and advancing, full trot, towards the pavilion, from which he was yet at some distance. Well, then, there he was, safe and unhurt, and Caroline, *no doubt*, was made perfectly easy; and, *no doubt*, she will retire, as she promised herself, and think of him no more.

But wherefore the tremor which suddenly has seized her? Wherefore this quickening pulse, this palpitating heart, this spreading suffusion that dyes alabaster scarlet, and gives the rose of the cheek a deeper hue? I know not wherefore these things were; I only know they were, and that Caroline was all agitation. She was going to leave the window, but just at that moment, for things will sometimes happen oddly, her handkerchief, on which she had been leaning, fell, and was borne (no doubt by Zephyrs, for they are apt at wanton and malicious tricks), yes, it was borne into the middle of the highway.

Caroline.

Caroline was absolutely in despair: the act was most surely involuntary, yet so it might not seem; not forgetting that this was still more dangerous to the cavalier than the salute she meant to avoid; for it is certainly less difficult to take off one's hat, on horseback, than to pick up a handkerchief from the ground. This was a very just conclusion, but so was not the next she made; she supposed the cavalier still so far distant as to give her time to run down, open the pavilion door, sally forth, pick up her handkerchief, and re-enter before he should arrive. The idea she thought excellent, it seemed to be the only possible expedient of clearly demonstrating that the handkerchief had not been purposely thrown out of the window for the cavalier to pick up; nor was there time to lose in reflection; away, therefore, she flew to the door, opened it, and was stepping out at the very moment that the young officer, after alighting from his horse, was himself in the act of taking up the handkerchief.

With a graceful and dignified manner the youth approached, and, in an elegant compliment, returned his prize; while Caroline, disconcerted, and unable to reply, extended her timid hand. The youth, with
infinite

infinite modesty, begged permission to see the garden and the pavilion, which, he said, appeared most charming. Understanding the silence of the trembling Caroline as consent (cavaliers will so understand), he presently hung the bridle of his horse to the pavilion door, and followed her.

The latent feelings of Caroline told her she ought to have denied his request; but which way? Caroline was naturally all benevolence, and there is something painful in denial. Neither did she perceive any infinite evil which could thence result. Her own innocence, her total ignorance of the world, concealed the danger that might lurk thus under the form of a youthful soldier. Beside, his uniform spoke him a gentleman, and the noble ease of his manner of no mean birth: his politeness was so natural, so graceful, so familiar, the tone of his voice, his modest confidence, all confirmed him perfectly well bred. The symmetry and beauty of his form made not all that impression which might naturally be expected, because Caroline durst not look at him; and yet she had been sufficient to find that his full fine eyes were most expressively intelligent, and she very soon could have informed

informed us that his teeth were white and regular, his smile enchanting, his nose aquiline, his visage oval, his eyebrows markedly arched, his stature tall, his dark complexion animated by the warm glow of youth and health, and that his open and frank countenance inspired confidence and friendship the moment they were beheld. All these things had the furtive glances of the beauteous Countess presently remarked. This might, perhaps, in part, excuse that facility with which she suffered him to walk up into the pavilion; unless it should be thought more natural to cast the whole blame on absolute Innocence, too secure in its own simplicity. But whether this or that excuse were best, there he is, there looks, there admires, there praises with ecstacy, and yet with propriety, void of exaggeration, the taste and the talents which had decorated the temple. The altar and paintings particularly fixed his attention. He asked an explanation; it was given, and thus he gained a happy opportunity of learning to whom the place belonged without the indelicacy of interrogation, though neither the names of the Baroness of Rindaw or the High Chamberlain

berlain Lichtfield made him more polite, more attentive, or more respectful; for that was impossible.

The song and the guitar were lying on the piano forte, which, with a gentle but submissive smile, led him to mention the second, and to ask pardon for that temerity which had suffered him to mingle his voice with the harmonious sounds he had heard, and which, he added, he should be most happy again to hear. He saw the proposition augmented the confusion of Caroline; he said not a word more concerning it, therefore; but spoke of music, its effects and charms, like one who felt them, and was the first to propose quitting the pavilion and walking in the garden.

The fortitude of Caroline began to return; the stranger's conversation was so agreeable, so unaffected, and yet so animated, that it could not long leave her under any constraint; and, after a turn or two in the garden, Caroline spoke to him as naturally as if they had been acquainted all their lives. With the most perfect simplicity did she relate the terror with which she had been seized at the impetuosity of the unmanageable horse, and tell all her fears and apprehensions during those two dreadful

ful days of rain. Desirous, however, as she was to learn the name of the cavalier, this was a thing she durst not ask ; she only understood he was captain in the guards, and her country neighbour, which both gave her pleasure ; for the one informed her he was a proper visitor, and the other that she should certainly see him again.

A quarter of an hour, which, short as it was, seemed still infinitely shorter, they thus conversed ; when the steed, neighing and pawing at the door, became so impatient that his master was obliged, however unwilling, again to mount. “ Really,” said Caroline to him as he threw the bridle over his neck, “ were I in your place, Sir, I should not like a horse that would neither permit one to take off one’s hat nor walk in a garden.”—Ah ! how infinite are the charms of Innocence ! The stranger, with a smile half restrained, assured Caroline his horse should be better taught, and that, indeed, he had played him too many malicious tricks, of which he should be corrected ; then, lightly vaulting into the saddle, after a thousand repeated thanks to Caroline for her condescension, he departed, as slowly as possible, curbing the haughty animal to obedience. Caroline, as slowly, returned

turned to the pavilion, as soon, that is, as he was out of sight; her head, eye and her heart too, wholly occupied by the departed cavalier.

“How amiable his person! how soft, how attentive his manners! Oh that Heaven had given me a brother like him! How dearly would he have been beloved! —But wherefore may I not love this youth as I should love a brother, or as a friend, sent by Heaven to make solitude cheerful? Yet how do I know if ever I shall behold him again?”

Thus meditated Caroline; and what the thought was which, added to this latter, so might move her we know not, but Caroline felt a sudden oppression at her heart, and the tear rose glistening in her eye. Sensible of this, and somewhat alarmed, she was desirous to divert her attention to other objects, and sat down to her music; but the two days rain had put her harp and guitar out of tune, and she was obliged to lay them by; the piano forte was less affected, and she played an adagio, which but augmented melancholy. To painting she had next recourse, but with no better success; and reading was still less amusing
than

than either: she opened books, but they seemed dull and ill written before she had finished a period. Some change must certainly have taken place, for objects that before gave pleasure at present gave distaste, or painful lassitude at best.

Caroline returned to the garden, and took the same round she lately had gone with the cavalier, stopped at the same places, and recollected every expression, every attitude, and every look. The grand question now remained to be determined; that is to say, whether she should, or should not, tell all that had happened to the good Canoness. Silence was disagreeable, and to mystery Caroline was naturally averse; yet she seemed more averse to speak on the present occasion. She knew not how to speak, nor what to speak; and, supposing there to be nothing wrong in keeping the secret, there was nothing difficult in it; for secrecy was, at present, become habitual, and she herself, it may be, less communicative. Beside, what should she say? "Why mention a person, whom, perhaps, I shall never see again, whose name I know not? It will be time enough if he should return. And then should the Baroness blame me for
having

having admitted him into the garden, forbid me the pavilion, and not suffer me any more to look out of the window !”

Caroline half shuddered, as thus she meditated, and resolved not to tell what had happened. When, however, she returned to her friend, she could not forbear asking a thousand questions concerning the neighbourhood, for two leagues round. As the Canoneſs never was viſited, Caroline knew none of the neighbours ; nor had ſhe ever, before, made the leaſt inquiry ; though her good friend made a merit of knowing the genealogy of all their families through every branch. To queſtion her concerning the characters and affairs of her neighbours was taking her on her weak ſide ; and poor Caroline had a hundred hiſtories to hear, while the only one to which ſhe could have liſtened with pleaſure was unrelated. Not the leaſt circumſtance could ſhe learn that had any reference to the ſtranger. Here lived an old Baron who had retired from the army, with his wife as old as himſelf, ſhut up in their chateau ; there a young couple, with ſeveral children, but they were infants, and all girls. Yonder, as you entered the village, an ancient commander of the Teutonic Order ; very infirm, very
I avaricious,

avaricious, and on very good terms with his gouvernante. A little farther, an old dowager, with an only son of five and twenty.

Caroline, who was half asleep, no sooner heard of the only son of five and twenty, than she was as perfectly awake as ever she had been in her life; but to little purpose was she disturbed, for this only son was deformed, and half an idiot, with no other employment than what hunting and drinking afforded, and who, notwithstanding his great riches, could persuade no woman to become his wife. Ah! thought Caroline, that is not my cavalier.

The Baroness continued, for it was not easy to interrupt her, and she was inexhaustible. At last, Caroline, quite wearied, and learning nothing of what she most desired to know, wishing to be alone, took advantage of a slight head-ach, and retired sooner than usual. "He is not my neighbour, then," said she, sighing. "And has he deceived, could he deceive me? If so, I shall never see him more. Well then I must forget, never think of him more."

Moncrief has said that the very act of determining to forget makes us remember. Thus Caroline, fortifying herself in this
her

her noble resolution, forgot the cavalier by recollecting every word that had passed; and, thus ruminating, dropt asleep. No doubt the project of thinking on him no more was her first on waking the next morning. She rose, and resolved not to go to the pavilion all the forenoon; habit was very strong, and was with difficulty vanquished, yet vanquished it was: she raised her drooping flowers, examined her aviary, and sat down to her embroidery, every moment repeating, "I must think of him no more," and as often looking towards the pavilion. "Dear pavilion!" said Caroline, sighing, "I am never happy but when I am there; I must pay it a visit, but it shall be very very late, when I am sure no person is walking. I will not go, at soonest, before four o'clock in the afternoon."

The day appeared exceedingly long, and Caroline persuaded herself it was already far advanced, as she sauntered near the pavilion, when she heard, in the very courtyard of the chateau, the trampling of a horse and the sound of hoofs she began to think she recollected, which made her heart palpitate. In a moment a servant enters and announces the Baron of Lindorf. The astonished Baroness recollects to have

heard the name, and gives orders for his admission ; when the charming stranger of the pavilion, with all his grace and gentleness, appeared.

Poor Caroline, what was thy emotion ! How bitterly didst thou reproach thyself for not having mentioned him to thy friend ! How deep are thy blushes at thy own dissimulation ! For, whether he speak or whether he do not, thou art, equally, afraid of his indiscretion and his silence.

Lindorf chose the latter ; a glance at Caroline, who, tremblingly confused, alternately pale and red, had courtesied to him with downcast eyes and timidity in every feature, in a moment informed him how it was proper to act. He returned her salutation as if it had been the first time he had seen her ; and, addressing himself to the Canoness, congratulated himself on the happiness of being her neighbour, with self-reproaches for not having sooner profited by this advantage.

The Baroness, to whom this youthful cavalier was a total stranger, asked an explanation, and learned that the commander of the Teutonic Order had, like herself, been ill, but had not, like her, recovered ; for he was lately dead, and the Baron of
Lindorf,

Lindorf, his nephew and heir, was come to take possession of the mansion and estate of Risberg, which was adjoining to the Barony of Rindaw. He had at first intended not to make a long stay, but the country had pleased him infinitely; and he had very lately come to a resolution to pass the remainder of the summer there. His first wish was to be acquainted with his lovely neighbours, to present them his duty and his homage, and to solicit permission these occasionally to renew.

All this was said looking towards Caroline, who, with her eyes fixed on her work, which she was very industriously spoiling, kept a profound silence. Thanks, however, to the good Canoness, the conversation was not therefore interrupted; she gave the history of her whole illness, then reverted, with great pity, to that of the Commander, and lamented his death, of which she had been wholly ignorant. "It was but yesterday," said she, "I mentioned him to Caroline, who had asked me who were my neighbours."

Lindorf did not recollect himself soon enough totally to suppress a smile, and Caroline was absolutely ready to faint with shame and vexation.

The Baroness proceeded with compliments to the heir, and inquiries concerning the estate and property, which must, from the character of the Commander, be considerable. After which came interrogatories concerning the degree of kindred in which the deceased and the youth stood, all which she answered herself. "Oh! I am acquainted with every branch of the family. Your name is Lindorf, is it not? Yes, yes, your name is Lindorf; and you inherit in right of my Lady, your mother. She, yes, she was Baroness of Risberg, own sister to the Commander, as I think; yes, yes, I am sure she was. To be sure, I was not personally acquainted with her, but one of your lady aunts was educated in the very convent I was, and she told me of this marriage of her sister with your father. Aye, with the Baron of Lindorf, I remember it as well as if it had only happened yesterday. There was a mutual passion, real and true love, and I was exceedingly affected by the story. Your aunt was in my confidence also; I told her of my passion for the High Chamberlain. Upon my word, all this seems as if it had happened last week, and here I see a fine young gentleman——the eldest of the family, I suppose

pose—Were there many children?—Is your father still alive; and my Lady your mother too?—Ah! they still adore each other, no doubt. Love, love only, can give happiness; and my dear friend, your aunt, whom I just now mentioned, is she dead? Is she married? It is so long since we saw each other, and I have lived retired here so many years, that I have quite lost sight of former friends.”

These questions succeeded each other with such rapidity that Lindorf, surprised at the voluble haste with which they were delivered, scarcely could find opportunity to come in with a yes; or no; I am an only son; I had the misfortune to lose my parents; with like answers, as concise as possible. But his eyes, continually fixed on Caroline, would have said many things to her if Caroline would have attended to them. She, seemingly observant of nothing but her work, had not ventured a single word, when the Canoness, desirous of doing honour to her friendship and affection, asked her to show the young cavalier her pavilion; and, not foreseeing the least obstruction, began, without waiting her reply, to give him its history; why it had been built, by whom the altar, the bust, the

inscription, the painting, the surprise, and every thing ; all which he knew as well as herself ; though, by his manner, it might well have been supposed he had never heard it before.

To a heart undisguised and sincere by nature, a heart like Caroline's, this was too much ; she could support it no longer ; and when her friend, surprised at her backwardness to go to the pavilion, repeated her command, she scarcely could articulate that a sudden and strange indisposition had seized her, and that it was impossible she should go. In reality her voice was so affected, her face so pale, and her whole form so altered, that her indisposition was sufficiently visible, and made the Baroness very uneasy. " Dear child, what can be the matter ?" said she, laying her hand on her forehead. " Yesterday evening I particularly remarked, when you came in, you seemed absent, and your mind wholly occupied ; and, for several days past, you have not only retired sooner than ordinary, but have been particularly melancholy and agitated. My Caroline, Sir, certainly has a fever ; 'tis that vile pavilion that kills her. I assure you, Sir, she is quite infatuated with it ; and, lately, more than ever ;

ever; for, notwithstanding the humidity of the earth and the air, the moment it had ceased raining she would be gone, by which means she has caught cold."

Lindorf, without being remarkably vain, had heard sufficient to imagine himself a party somewhat concerned; but, suffering with the suffering Caroline, and most desirous of relieving her from pain, he shortened his visit, took leave of the ladies, and hoped the indisposition of Caroline would have no bad consequences.

Caroline made no other answer than by courtesying, and the Baroness, repeatedly, entreated Lindorf to take advantage of their near neighbourhood and come frequently to the chateau of Rindaw.——"It is but a step," said she. "The poor Commander was gouty, and, during three parts of the year, never stirred abroad; but you, Sir, are young and agile, and it will be only a short walk to our house. Miss Lichtfield will not always be indisposed, and some other day will show you her pavilion: she tells me it is most excellently adapted to music; you, no doubt, are a musician, and you may play and sing in concert."

It only wanted this last trait to complete the confusion of Caroline, and the Baroness

seemed not willing any thing should be wanting. At length the cavalier departed, and the Canoness was silent. Caroline, however, was not greatly relieved; leaning on her great chair, her face hid by both her hands, with difficulty she restrained the tears and sobs that rose thronging for passage. The Canoness attributed all to her indisposition, and begged her to go and lie down. Caroline was glad to profit by the permission. Her chagrin, however, went with her; but, being alone, she could now abandon herself to grief, and again and again repeated, "Good God! what must he think of me!"

The Canoness, alone also, was occupied by ideas much less melancholy; the handsome, the amiable Lindorf had absolutely gained her heart; he was precisely the husband she wished for her dear Caroline. And how happy should she be to have her near her, at least for a part of the year; and to see her so well, so properly, and so highly married! The young officer united in himself every thing she wished; youth, beauty, wit, birth, fortune; for, without mentioning his own wealth, of which he was before in possession, being an only son and his parents deceased, the inheritance of the
avaricious

avaricious Commander must have been immense. Already high in rank in the army, every thing that ambition could hope he seemed formed to obtain.

The advantages of Lindorf were great, yet her dear Caroline was in no respect inferior : first, Caroline was an angel, and as to fortune, that of the High Chamberlain was not to be disdained ; to which she should add all her own ; and, together, they would be vast. No match, in short, could be every way more proper ; and she protested Caroline should be Baroness of Lindorf, or her endeavours should be strangely frustrated. She even fixed on the epocha for celebrating the wedding ; the autumn following she determined on, when the High Chamberlain was to pay his promised visit.

In thinking all this she resolved carefully to conceal her projects and ideas even from Caroline. It would, certainly, be very difficult to be silent, but her passion for every thing romantic was still stronger than her inclination to talk. She imagined what a pleasure it would be to observe the effects of sympathy ; to follow it through the progressions of two young hearts ; day after day to see passion augmented by hope and fear ; and, at last, to make them happy at the

very moment when they expected to be eternally miserable. Oh ! what delicious pleasure, this, for the Baroness ! But this she could not obtain except by keeping her secret.

As to the projected union with the Count of Walstein, she troubled herself little concerning it ; she thought it impossible not to make the High Chamberlain understand reason ; for he, most certainly, knew, by his own heart, the influence of mutual passion. “ I need only—(the Baroness was almost as simple and innocent as Caroline) I need only recall to memory how much we suffered for each other, and he will yield, with melting tears, to the happiness of a pair of true lovers. On this condition, too, I will leave Caroline all I possess. Beside, when the High Chamberlain shall see the youthful Lindorf, all perfect as he is, can he, for a moment, make comparison between him and a monster ? No, no ; leave we sympathy, love, and paternal tenderness to their natural effects, and the happiness of my dear Caroline is for ever fixed.”

While the good Canoness was composing her little romance, and enjoying, by anticipation, the tender scenes at which she should be present, and the sweet delight of making

two beings happy, Caroline was abandoning herself to grief and self-reproach, for having acted so imprudently, and given Lindorf an idea so much the reverse of her real character. Every word the Baroness had said, though unintentionally, had made a wound; every word a thousand times recalled the blushes and confusion of Caroline. "I will leave Rindaw," said she, "never more to return. Yet to fly would be to confess my guilt; and to confirm the idea, the cruel, distracting idea, that I am dissembling, false, and artful. Oh! impossible!"

Then did she search for and imagine all imaginary means of self-justification; but found not one which did not increase, instead of eradicate, suspicion. So troubled were her thoughts that all night long she lay, restless, and disturbed by ten thousand fears and suspicions; and, for the first time in her whole life, sleep fled from the eyelids of Caroline. How long, how painful was this night, and yet how much was her agitation increased, the next morning, when a letter, addressed to her, was brought by a servant of Lindorf's, who was waiting for an answer! The offended Caroline had almost instantly returned it unopened.—

“What,” says she, “does he write to me purposely to demonstrate how much he despises me? Nothing but the idea he must have entertained of me, for my reprehensible conduct, could have emboldened him to take such a liberty. Yet is not this his excuse? And am not I alone guilty? How polite, how respectful was he before the unfortunate visit of yesterday! Yes, I myself, alone, am to blame.”

But what was to be done with the packet? To open it was impossible; to return it unopened was very severe. Beside, who could tell what his thoughts, or what his style might be? The letter was held and turned in the hand, and looked at again and again, in every possible form, as if the eye wished to penetrate the paper and purloin the contents. At last, a ray of light broke in upon the mind of Caroline; she determined to run to the chamber of her dear Mamma, open her curtains, fall on her knees, and there, with tears and penitence, make a full confession of all that had passed between her and Lindorf.

The execution was as prompt as the resolve; the second, the run-away horse, the handkerchief, the walk in the garden; every
cir-

circumstance was related, even to the avowal of the secret reasons of her silence, for which she had been so severely punished.

“ Judge, Mamma,” said Caroline, “ what I suffered during his visit ! I really thought I should have died ! And he to be totally silent, as if it had been a plot agreed on between both ; while you, Mamma, every moment, unconsciously, was piercing my very heart ! Can you, can you forgive me for having acted thus ? No, load me with your reproaches ; I well deserve them all, and they will be less cutting, less painful, than those with which I load myself.”

Alas ! the good Canones, all emotion, all tenderness and tears at her recital, thought of nothing less than reproach. She had been dreaming all night on her projected marriage, on which the more she thought, the more she was enchanted : her sole fear had been that Lindorf, so long an officer, so long in commerce with the gay world, might have formed other engagements ; but the history of Caroline, and the manner in which she had related it, had quieted all her fears ; the Baroness saw, or imagined she saw, that sweet sympathy of souls which re-established all her hopes, and gave certainty to all her schemes ; she raised Caroline,

line, tenderly kissed her, and declared she never, in her life, had heard any thing so interesting.

“ Ah ! if I had but known it !—To be sure, I should not have said many things I did say ; for these men are so self-sufficient, so ready to believe well of themselves, and that we women are enamoured of them !—However, I must do Lindorf the justice to say he is very different from men in general ; his modesty, his politeness”——

“ Ah ! Mamma,” said Caroline, shaking her head, and interrupting the Baroness, “ I have but too much cause to fear he is like the rest. Has he not had the audacity to write to me this morning ?”

“ Write to thee, child ! Quick, quick, quick ! Show me the letter, read it, let me hear his style, his sentiments ; I can imagine all his ardour.”

“ Alas !” said Caroline, taking the packet from her pocket, “ here it is ; it would not have been proper, Mamma, for me to have opened it. You will do with it what you please.” And the pleasure of the Baroness was, instantly, to break the seal ; for her curiosity was stronger even than that of Caroline, which was much diminished by
fears

fears of what might be the contents of the letter. The first thing they came to was a polite card, in the usual style, in which the Baron of Lindorf “ presented respectful compliments to the ladies, inquired after their health, and, in particular, concerning the indisposition of Miss Lichtfield.”

But all this was a mere pretext ; and, certainly, needed not to have been so closely sealed up ; wherefore, this laid by, a paper, folded up and placed under the card, was eagerly seized and opened. Caroline, trembling as she unfolded it, after slightly running it over to herself, read aloud as follows :

“ I am about, Madam, to commit a new
 “ impropriety, to aggravate former errors,
 “ and, perhaps, increase anger which I had
 “ but too justly raised, by a new offence.
 “ Now, while I write, I imagine your in-
 “ dignation, feel the effects of your resent-
 “ ment, behold myself punished for my
 “ temerity, yet have not the power to for-
 “ bear. If, Madam, you will but deign to
 “ read this letter, and surmount that first
 “ emotion which should bid you tear or
 “ send it back unopened, you then, at least,
 “ will understand my motives, and confess
 “ that

“ that to you, alone, could I, with propriety, address myself.

“ You know not all my offences. No, Madam, you know them not; and yet you treat me with as much severity as if you were acquainted with my whole guilt. Since, then, I am not benefited by your ignorance of it, I will make a free confession; hoping that my sincerity may obtain a generous pardon.

“ Four times did I, yesterday, pass your pavilion, each at a different hour, hoping to find you there and ask permission to pay my respects to you and the Baroness: but continually were my hopes deceived; you appeared no more in that pavilion so dear to you, and in which you had before that time unceasingly dwelt; while I, far from suspecting the truth, far from accusing you as the cause of this absence, cast the whole blame entirely on Madam the Baroness; she, thought I, informed of my temerity, not knowing who the person was who had dared to obtrude into your asylum, had forbidden you to go there any more. Vain and weak as I was, I even imagined you might obey with regret; I thought myself certain
“ that,

“ that, when I was known to Madam the
 “ Baroness, she would no longer lay you
 “ under the like restraint, and, therefore,
 “ did not hesitate to come and pay her my
 “ respects in the afternoon. Alas ! Madam,
 “ how severely, and how justly, have you
 “ punished my presumption ! Your recep-
 “ tion of me, so very different from hers,
 “ instantly informed me how much I had
 “ been deceived ; and that it was you,
 “ alone, who thus had renounced the un-
 “ fortunate stranger. You did not permit
 “ me to entertain the least doubt, the least
 “ hope ; the illusion was wholly destroyed ;
 “ I instantly saw that Madam the Baron-
 “ ess, whom I had imagined so severe, was
 “ ignorant even of my existence, and that
 “ the youthful, the beautiful Caroline,
 “ whom I had supposed obedient to her com-
 “ mands, to the counsels of, perhaps, a too
 “ rigid friend, had been subject only to her
 “ own prudence, uncommon and unex-
 “ pected as it was in a lady so young. I
 “ had been happy had this prudence only
 “ been extended to a stranger who might
 “ himself have been an improper person,
 “ or have had improper designs ; but,
 “ though this doubt was removed, though
 “ I was named and known, I could not
 “ obtain

“ obtain so much as a look of pardon.
“ Your determined silence, Madam, your
“ refusal to shew me the pavilion, your ap-
“ parent anger at the invitation of the
“ Baronefs, all informed me that I, person-
“ ally, had given irreparable offence. How-
“ ever, Madam, whatever my errors may
“ have been, whatever I may endure, I
“ will not again offend by visiting at Rin-
“ daw without your permission; yet suffer
“ me to supplicate this permission, and be
“ assured, Madam, I will endeavour here-
“ after to deserve it. You were a witness
“ to the obliging manner in which Madam
“ the Baronefs was pleased to desire I would
“ frequently visit at Rindaw. What answer
“ am I to make to a request so kind, and
“ which I so earnestly wish to profit by?
“ You, Madam, must decide. On you my
“ conduct must depend. Must I neglect
“ the civilities of Madam the Baronefs, and
“ submit to that sentence of condemnation
“ which you have silently pronounced; or
“ may I dare entreat you to revoke it? I wait
“ your commands, and solemnly vow, what-
“ ever they be, to me they shall be sacred.
“ Yet, permit me, for a moment, to hope
“ you will not be inexorable; and that he,
“ whom your respectable friend has deigned
“ to

“ to honour with her protection, may, being
 “ thus protected, obtain a pardon which is
 “ become absolutely necessary to the future
 “ happiness of his life.”

While Caroline was reading this letter, which was dated from the chateau of Risberg, she felt a confused mixture of sensations so opposite to each other as to be almost indefinable. At first, utter astonishment at perceiving, without ever suspecting, herself to be thus consummately prudent ; afterwards, that kind of shame which a sincere mind feels at receiving praise it does not merit ; and, next, joy of the most pure and perfect kind to learn that she was still esteemed and respected. Yet, on reflection, she was somewhat uneasy concerning the poor young gentleman, the embarrassment he was under, and the means of removing it, without destroying the high opinion he entertained of her.

These different affections were alternately visible in her countenance ; pleasing sensations, however, were predominant, and her heart felt eased of a most insupportable burthen. When she had finished the letter, she could have pressed it to her lips ; but she forbore, laid it on the pillow of the Canoness,

ness, seized one of her hands, and on that bestowed her kisses and her tears. Again the Baroness took the letter, again desired Caroline to read it, and again was in raptures.

“Did not I tell you this young gentleman did not resemble other men? I saw it instantly. What a delicate turn has he given to your silence and embarrassment, which he had understood to proceed from anger! Is it possible to be more modest, or more respectful? One of your court fops would have interpreted the whole of your behaviour to his own advantage: but Lindorf! Well, really he is a most charming youth, and we must instantly put him out of pain. Get the pen and ink, my dear, sit down and write; come, come, make haste.”

“*Al! Mamma,*” said Caroline, blushing. “I thought you would have been kind enough to answer his letter.”

“You know, my dear girl, it is with difficulty I can write, at present. (The Baroness had a disorder in her eyes, the consequence of her illness, and her sight daily became worse.) But no matter; you shall write in my name, and I will dictate.” Ca-

roline

roline obeyed, and, having taken pen, ink, and paper, the Canoness, after considering a moment, thus began :

“ Sir,

“ Your letter came most seasonably to the relief and consolation of Caroline ; she had all night lain in the most desperate affliction”——

“ Really, Mamma,” said Caroline, stopping her, “ I cannot write what you bid me ; for, though I own it is partly true, it would absolutely contradict all his present favourable thoughts concerning me.”

After a short contest, the Baroness owned Caroline was right ; the paper was torn, another sheet taken, the Baroness again began to think and to dictate.

“ Sir,

“ Miss Lichtfield is most exceedingly glad to find you entertain so high an opinion of her, her joy cannot be expressed”——

“ Upon my word, Mamma,” said Caroline, throwing down the pen, “ this is worse than the other ; let me beg you will neither speak of my joys nor griefs.”

The Baroness was now absolutely vexed, and said she would have nothing at all to do with her answer ; and that she might
write

write it herself. Caroline began to think this the wisest way, and after considering in her turn, and, in her turn, tearing two or three sheets of paper, she had the good sense, at last, to recollect that the simplest and most unaffected mode is always the best; she therefore wrote,

“ We thank you, Sir, for the concern
“ you are kind enough to take in the
“ health of your neighbours. My indispo-
“ sition is gone off. Madam the Baroness
“ is deprived, by the disorder in her eyes,
“ of the pleasure of answering your letter,
“ the contents of which I have just com-
“ municated to her; she has therefore de-
“ sired me to write in her name, and to in-
“ form you, Sir, that your visits will al-
“ ways be well received at Rindaw; the
“ Baron of Lindorf, when known, never
“ can doubt of a proper reception.

“ C. L.”

The Canoness thought the style of this exceedingly common and trivial; there were a thousand things to say, a thousand sensations to communicate, according to her; but Caroline was firm, and would not change a word, and, at last, by caresses and coaxing, prevailed on the Baroness to let the letter be sent.

As to the epistle of Lindorf, we have been assured, from the best authority, that it was read and re-read at least a hundred times that day ; and that, before the evening there was a person in the world who could have repeated it by heart. It is likewise affirmed that these repeated readings had dissipated every remaining trace of the over-night's chagrin. Yes, Caroline, by being thus frequently told of her uncommon prudence, at last believed it real ; still, however, owning that she never could have imagined her absence from the pavilion, and her secrecy with her friend, could have been productive of such excellent effects. It was very certain, nevertheless, that the thought was her own ; wherefore, gaining her own self-esteem by degrees, no longer having any reason to blush for her mysterious conduct towards the Baroness, and being assured of the respect of Lindorf, Caroline lost both her sorrows and her fears.

Nobody will doubt but that Lindorf was very careful to avail himself of the permission granted, and to pay his respects in the evening. Caroline had foreseen this, expected him with somewhat of impatience, saw him arrive with joy, and not without emotion.

emotion. He himself was rather disconcerted, but a gentle smile from Caroline presently restored him all his former ease; they both became perfectly unconstrained, to which the Baroness did not a little contribute; she, with pleasantry which she highly enjoyed, ran over every incident of the stranger, the secret, and the letter; and thus saved Caroline explanations which she was most happy to avoid.

Lindorf was cautious and penetrating; he read the feelings of Caroline: they went together to the pavilion, and he said not a word that had the slightest reference to what had passed, except that he entreated Caroline to sing the song on Eugenia. She consented, and Lindorf accompanied her on the piano forte; but, though he was an excellent musician, he was often out of time; and Caroline herself made several mistakes. Notwithstanding this, the song pleased him so much that he asked permission to take and copy it; which granted, Lindorf, on receiving it, had the courage to kiss the hand by which it was presented, and to pronounce, in a half whisper, "How good, Madam, are you to-day, and how different are my present feelings from those of yesterday!" The ingenuous
Caroline

Caroline was on the point of declaring that she herself was much easier and happier, but she just had the recollection to refrain. They returned to the Canoness, and Lindorf, shortening his visit, begged permission to repeat it on the morrow.

The morrow and the morrow, and every succeeding morrow, each resembled the other; and this was the history of their lives. Again Caroline inhabited her pavilion, in the morning; and again Lindorf took his usual ride. The horse, formerly so unmanageable, was become quite docile; so that he would sometimes stand quiet, for half an hour, under the window of Caroline, with which he began to be acquainted, and which, when he came to, he instinctively would stop at. Every afternoon Lindorf came betimes to Rindaw, where he often remained to sup; and, every night, after he was gone, the Canoness, more and more transported with his conduct, spoke of him with enthusiasm. Caroline listened, and modestly approved, and each went nightly to bed declaring he was the most amiable of men: nay, Caroline, it is said, would sometimes repeat it in her sleep; and as for the Baroness, her nocturnal dreams were all concerning the marriage she had imagined,

and which she thought nothing could frustrate.

Well, but Lindorf?—Why Lindorf had his dreams likewise; for he loved with an ardour which he sought not to oppose, and with a sincerity that gave dignity to affection, which every day grew stronger. Born with great sensibility and strong passions, he had not lived till five-and-twenty without a knowledge of love, or, at least, without a supposed knowledge. But how different were his former tumultuous sensations to those he at present felt! His thoughts all tender, delicate, and pure, had no other object but Caroline: happy in her sight, happy to hear the sweet sound of her voice, infinitely happy in her presence and that sweet familiarity which country retirement authorizes, he could not imagine superior bliss; and if, when alone, which walking, music, and the infirmities of the Baroness occasioned them often to be, he sometimes were like to betray himself, and risk an avowal of his sentiments; timidity, respect, and dread of destroying that share of felicity of which he was in present possession, always made him silent. Such ever are the effects of true and sincere love. Caroline too confided all her thoughts to him with
such

such innocence, such security, he was so perfectly convinced that she no way suspected either what passed in his heart or her own, that Lindorf, whose delicacy equalled his affection, would likewise have thought it a crime to disturb that happy ignorance before the moment in which he himself should be at his own disposal, which he could not then be perfectly said to be.

Beside, what could he gain by the confession? A knowledge that his love was returned. And could he doubt of that? Certainly not; for, though the penetration of man equals not that of woman in this respect, Caroline was so frank, and so little understood the art of dissembling, of concealing her feelings, that it was impossible for him to doubt. She alone was ignorant of them. She supposed her love for Lindorf was the love of a sister, and her affection the affection of friendship; she even applauded herself for daily finding fresh occasion to love him more, nor had the slightest idea that an attachment so pure, as she felt hers to be, could, in the least, become injurious to engagements which she held sacred, but of which she seldom thought. How, indeed, could she? Was there time to think on any thing but Lin-

dorf, when Lindorf was present? And he was ever present, either ideally or really; for, the moment he was gone, either the pleasure of having seen him, impatience to see him again, or his image in every attitude, under every aspect in which it had so lately been beheld, occupied her whole thoughts. Lindorf to Caroline was every thing, and, the Baroness excepted, she knew not of, thought not of, any other being in the universe.

This imprudent Baroness still added, by her enthusiasm, to the fascination of Caroline. From infancy accustomed to think as she thought, and to see as she saw, her authority would have been fully sufficient to fix the attachment of Caroline on a person for whom the Canons had a predilection so absolute, and so continually augmenting. Often did the Baroness, when she could find opportunity by being left for a moment with Lindorf, suffer her secret half to escape; clearly enough did she give him to understand that it depended on him, only, to obtain the hand of Caroline; and that she already looked upon him as her son.

Thus the happy Lindorf, encouraged by one, adored by the other, and, perhaps, in more full and delicious enjoyment of happiness

piners than if he had been a declared lover, thought himself certain of prevailing the moment he should speak ; and for which moment he waited a little impatiently. Engagements he had, by which he had been restrained ; and from these it was necessary to be free before he could honestly avow his passion for Caroline, and make an offer of his hand and heart. He had been very busily employed in removing these obstacles ; and, for some time past, his agitation and short symptoms of melancholy betrayed something of his inquietude and fears.

One evening, as he left Rindaw, he informed the ladies he was fearful lest he could not have the pleasure of seeing them on the morrow ; he was obliged to go, himself, immediately to Berlin, where he expected to find letters that were to him of the utmost importance. — “ But,” added he, with a tone more than usually animated, “ I hope, in compensation for a day thus lost to life, I shall be permitted to return early the morning after.”

The Canoness immediately invited him to breakfast, and Caroline accompanied him to the garden, where they took leave of

each other as if it were a long farewell, and separated, impatiently wishing the morrow over. The next day, which for two months had been the only one passed without Lindorf, appeared exceedingly tedious to both the ladies. The good Baroness loved Lindorf so entirely, that, had not her friendship for Caroline intervened, which we must do her the justice to acknowledge was always predominant, he might, in all probability, if so he had pleased, have even banished the High Chamberlain from her bosom. She acknowledged that Lindorf continually brought him to her recollection, and made her remember the happy days of their former loves. "Yes," said the Baroness, "the High Chamberlain was just so fine, so sweet a youth."

"My father, then, is surprisingly altered," said Caroline.

"Ah! yes, my dear," replied the Baroness, "whatever he may be at present, he was then a most charming man—If thy mother had not been so rich—But, alas! my dear High Chamberlain was ever ambitious."

"And is still," mournfully thought Caroline; "he is not altered in that respect; his

his poor child is the victim of that unrelenting ambition, to which every other feeling has been sacrificed."

This conversation, this gloomy retrospect, naturally led her to think of the Count, and of her union with him. The absence of Lindorf, and the certainty of not seeing him all the long long day, had disposed her mind to languor and melancholy: in the evening she walked in the garden, where these sensations and gloomy ideas accompanied her; the image of the Count, particularly, tormented her; in spite of every effort to remove it from her imagination, and to think on something else, it continually recurred, and with increasing pain and disgust. A dry and yellow leaf fell from one of the trees at her feet, and approaching autumn immediately rose to memory; her heart shrunk at the thought, and an oppressive weight, almost to suffocation, came over her; tears at length began to flow.

"And is the summer, this happy summer, already passed? It has endured but a moment, and it will return no more: with it ease and content are fled from Caroline. Autumn approaches, it is here, and my father is coming to tear me from these beloved haunts, to separate me from my good

Mamma; and, if the Count my husband pleases——My husband!——My husband!——O Lindorf! friend, brother, every thing that esteem holds most dear, must I never see thee more!—Alas! poor Caroline, wherefore hast thou known him if thou must so soon be separate from him!”

This was the first time she had ever made the reflection, and it was so cutting, so dreadful, and affected her so much, that it absorbed every other afflicting thought.

Intent on this idea, and absent to every other, she walked till she came to the door of the pavilion that led to the road. It was open: opposite was a wood. Caroline was alone: the thick foliage was adapted to the present temper of her mind; it was dark and gloomy, and almost shut out day. During the summer she had often wished to walk in this wood, but with Lindorf it would have been improper; the recollection of this with slightly returned; there was no present restraint, and she crossed the road. As she entered the wood, she felt herself highly affected by objects which were new to Caroline. It was a glorious evening; the rays of the setting sun with gold and purple beamed over the horizon through an immense space of clouds, which seemed almost

most on fire, and the red and ardent colours of which were seen through the branches of oaks whose antiquity appeared almost coëval with Nature. The evening song of the birds was loud, melodious, and universal; to which the monotonous chirping of the swarming grass-hopper gave variety.

If it be impossible for a feeling mind ever to enter a forest with indifference, what emotion must the young heart of Caroline, and in its present disposition, receive from objects so vast and so magnificent! She took the first path she saw, and which apparently led through the wood; she followed it, for a considerable time, without thinking or perceiving how far she had strayed; at length, some noise suddenly drew her from the profound reverie in which she was plunged; she looked up and saw before her, at no great distance, a grand and elegant chateau; she had not much time for reflection; there was an avenue that led to that chateau, and in that avenue was—Lindorf.

The lover instantly leaped the wall that separated them, for he had seen Caroline; and already he is by her side, already he is testifying, more by looks than words, his astonishment and joy at finding her almost at his own habitation. Caroline, confused,

G. 5

amazed,

amazed, blushed even to the finger ends, and durst not look on Lindorf, but, stammering, said she had lost herself!—She was absolutely ignorant of—She had supposed Risberg lay another way!

Lindorf saw, by her manner, she had supposed so, and, far from pressing her to stay, far from desiring her to walk into his gardens and repose herself, he had the delicacy to offer to re-conduct her to Rindaw immediately. The offer was instantly accepted, and Lindorf, to vary the walk of Caroline, took another path, still, as he said, more agreeable, still more pleasant.

Lindorf, undoubtedly, by the pleasantest understood the longest, and the distance was doubled. Caroline could not but remark it, and was so fatigued at last as to be obliged to accept an arm she had at first refused.

“This way must be greatly round about, Sir?”

“It is; I ask pardon, but I was willing you should know what I do every day.”

“How do you mean, Sir?”

“When I go to Rindaw, I take the shortest way, through the wood; but when I return home I go this, which is the most round about.”

Caroline blushed, and made no reply.

Whether it was a continuation of the reflections of the day, or whether it was her embarrassment at finding herself at Risberg, the presence of Lindorf had failed of its usual effect; far from dissipating, it but increased her present dejection of spirits; tears stood brimful in her eyes, and she felt that if she had but spoken a single word they must have overflowed.

Lindorf, on the contrary, had, when they first met, seemed more than usually pleased and contented; joy unmixed enlivened his countenance, and gave animation to every feature and every expression. He had spoken with rapture of the beauties of the country, and the delight of living there with the person on earth the most beloved. Caroline scarcely could give the shortest answers, such oppression was there at her heart; Lindorf could not help remarking the change; he was silent, and observed her with eyes alternately expressive of tenderness, hope, and fear. He appeared as if he had something to say which he durst not utter. The moon rose, and her soft clear beams, glimmering on their silent path, still increased their mutual emotion.

At last, Caroline, having recovered her-

self sufficiently to pronounce a few words, asked Lindorf if he had received the letters he had so impatiently expected.

“The letters! The letters!” repeated Lindorf, with passion in his words and looks, “O, yes! I have received them!—You know not, dear Caroline, cannot imagine, how essentially these letters may influence my future happiness!—To-morrow morning I will come, will communicate their contents.—Yes, charming Caroline, gentlest and dearest friend of my heart, to-morrow you shall read that heart which burns with impatience to expand, to unburthen itself, and pour its most secret thoughts into your bosom—Every thing I think, every thing I feel, all I have thought, and all I have felt, to-morrow you shall know; and my destiny shall be eternally decided!”

These words, and particularly the tone and manner in which they were uttered, roused and terrified Caroline: they tore off the veil which had already been half raised. Without the power of replying a single word, she still had the force to disengage her arm, which Lindorf pressed with ardour, and, looking up, found herself precisely opposite the garden door, which she precipitately entered; saying, with words
that

that almost choaked her as they obtained passage, "Farewell, Lindorf!—To-morrow—I will, also——tell you something——You shall hear"——

She could contain no longer; her head fell on her bosom; her tears, too long withheld, streamed down her cheeks; a universal tremor seized her, and she was obliged to sit down on a grass bank.

And Lindorf?—Why Lindorf follows. Lindorf is at her feet. Lindorf is pressing with transport her lily hands, and stooping to kiss them, while Caroline is unable to resist; he dares even clasp her in his arms; and the languid head of Caroline, reclining, droops upon his shoulder.

"My dearest, my best beloved," said Lindorf; "Oh! suffer me to assuage, to dry those precious tears, pledges of my approaching happiness.——Adored lady! Oh calm thyself, fear not; 'tis thy friend, thy lover, thy future husband, who thus conjures thee."

This word, this dreadful word, recalled Caroline to animation and herself. She rose, terrified, broke from Lindorf, would have spoke, but could not articulate a word, and, shuddering at her present danger, felt that flight alone could retrieve,
could

could save her. Lindorf remained, for a moment, half amazed at the terror of Caroline, and doubting to what motives it ought to be attributed; while she escaped, ran to her chamber, threw herself into the first chair she found, and was so affected, for some time, that she lost all coherency of thought.

She remained not long in this state; and that which succeeded was much more dreadful. Happily for her, the Baroness had gone to bed before supper, as she sometimes did, and was in a sound sleep: her appearance, therefore, was dispensed with; and, that she might with freedom yield to her present feelings without a witness, she, likewise, determined to go to bed and dismiss her maid.

As soon as she was sufficiently collected to reflect, not with apathy but something more calmly, on her present situation, she felt the absolute necessity of informing Lindorf she was no longer free, and of determining never to see him more. The sentence was indeed most severe. Virtue pronounced it; but the heart of Virtue herself must bleed while it was pronounced. Caroline no longer could, in the least, deceive herself respecting the nature of her feelings.

Love

Love stood confessed, arrayed in all his tyranny ; his arm was pitiless, and his power unbounded. Sorrow sharpened his arrows, and Despair shot them ; yet Despair itself only confirmed Caroline in her resolution ; Dishonour threatened her, and she did not hesitate a moment.

But how was she to inform him ?—How speak the dreadful tidings ?—The scene of the evening was too recent and too painful to risk renewing, and she felt it impossible to be herself the narrator. A letter was the only means, and she was all night mentally occupied in writing it ; but a letter, on such an occasion, and with sensations like hers, was not easily written ; each word, each phrase, appeared either too cold or too passionate. At length, when she had imagined nearly the manner and the turn she should give it, she was impatient for day-break, that she might rise and write. Every minute did she open her curtains, hoping to discover the first rays of morning ; and no sooner had she discovered them than she left her bed, put on a morning gown, and prepared to begin this most painful task.

We have already seen that every thing Caroline most delighted in had found the way to the pavilion ; and so had her ink-stand,

stand, and writing-desk, along with the rest. There was nothing in her chamber where, with the might trace a single line; patience, therefore, was her last resource, and waiting till the servants were up and should open the doors. But, as none of these had a lover to dismiss, they slept a full hour longer. This hour Caroline passed at her window, and it depended wholly on her to have enjoyed the most sublime of sights, and, no doubt, for the first time in her life. The retiring of darkness, the gradual increase of light, and the sun rising in all its splendour and animating great Nature, made no impression on the wretched heart of Caroline. Lindorf, whom she was for ever to forbid her presence, whom she was to render miserable; Lindorf, whose love she had been ignorant of, and ignorant also how dear he was to her till the very moment when they must separate for ever; Lindorf obscured every object, she thought of him only, him only she saw. The bright colours of the morning, the sun's rays, and the revival of Nature, were to her all dark and inanimate.

No sooner could she go out but she ran to the pavilion. It was necessary that Lindorf should receive her letter before his arrival

rival at Rindaw ; and Caroline had no doubt but he would be there as soon as possible.— Mournfully, then, she took her way towards the pavilion ; but what were her thoughts, what her emotion, when, as she entered, she saw, or thought she saw, Lindorf himself, seated at the far end, pale, dejected, his hair all in disorder, leaning on his elbow, and apparently plunged in the most profound reverie !

We say thought she saw, because, for the moment, she supposed it to be an illusion of a mind that had lately been most liable to illusion, and of an imagination that beheld no other object. She looked and shrieked, but she could not any longer doubt it was Lindorf himself, when, as she shrieked, he rose, flew to catch her, fell at her feet, and uttered, with an impetuosity it was not in her power to stop, “ Oh ! pardon, pardon, Caroline, pardon one who adores you ! Think not I have forfeited my word. Yesterday, when I left you, I went home, but, think not I passed the night in sleep ; no, at day-break I rose ; hither my wishes bore me ; the door was open ; in short, I scarcely know how I came in this place, but this place never will I leave, Caroline, no never, by every sacred

sacred power I swear, never, till thou hast told me what my destiny is to be ; or, at least, Caroline, till thou hast suffered thy happy lover to interpret thy silence and emotion in his own favour. A smile will suffice. Certain of thy consent and the consent of our dear friend the Baroness, I will fly to obtain that of thy father.— To-morrow, yes, perhaps, to-morrow, thou mayest confess, without blushing, thou lovest !”

This, no doubt, was the moment to have spoken. A word would have been enough, would have instantly destroyed the lover's dearest, sweetest hopes ; but, oh ! how painful was it to pronounce a word like this ! It stopped short as it rose to the lips ; Caroline wished but could not utter it. Lindorf, prepossessed by former appearances, interpreted this silence in his own favour ; it was attributed to modesty, embarrassment, timidity ; and, wishing to oblige her to speak, he precipitately rose, ran and snatched his hat as it lay on the piano forte.

“ Dear Caroline,” said he, as he seized it, “ I would not lose a moment when happiness so supreme is in question ! I will no longer demand a confession which I see distresses you so much to make ; I will fly, instantly,

stantly, to Berlin, and as instantly return ; I hope, with a better claim to request this confession."

Longer delay was now impossible. Caroline, terrified, collecting all her force, stopped and held Lindorf. "What are you going to do?" said she. "Alas! you know not—But learn"——

Lindorf himself now partook of the terror of Caroline. "Learn what?" said he.

"A secret."

"What secret! Speak, Caroline, release me from this dread."

"I—I—I am"——

"You are"——

"Married."

The bolt of thunder could not have struck more effectually—"Married!" repeated he, with the accent, or rather with the shriek, of terror.—The most profound silence followed.—Caroline, trembling, sat down, and hid her face with her handkerchief. Lindorf remained petrified; at last, starting wild, and striding about the room, he repeated again, "Married!"

Silence again ensued.—And again, striking his forehead, "No, it is impossible, absolutely impossible; you deceive me, Caroline, you impose upon a wretch whom
you

you have driven mad. Ah! cease, cease a sport so cruel. Say, tell me, you are not married."

"It is but too true that I am," replied Caroline, almost fainting.

"But the Canoness?"——

"She is ignorant of my marriage. I told you it as a secret."

"Oh! Caroline, Caroline!—Fatal secret! And I a confirmed and everlasting wretch!"

For some minutes he was in an agony that approached the wildest phrensy; he sat down, rose, tore his hair, groaned, gnashed his teeth; every action denoted the fury and tempest within.

"Be calm, Lindorf, dear Lindorf, be calm! In the name of Heaven be calm! Do not thus give way to passion! Am not I, also, still more unhappy?"

"You! You unhappy! Caroline?"

Affection and tenderness rose at the supposition, and tears—ay, bitter tears scalded the manly cheek, and gave a little ease to the heart.—"Caroline," said he, in a softer tone, "explain this secret, the discovery of which is thus fatal. Who is this unknown, this inconceivable husband; who thus can leave, thus neglect, the supremacy of mortal bliss?"

Caroline,

Caroline, who scarce could speak, somewhat, however, consoled, to see Lindorf more tranquil, gave a succinct relation of her marriage with a nobleman whom she did not name. She respected the secret of Walfstein, and gave not any indications by which he might be known. She only said that invincible repugnance for a match to which she had submitted, in obedience to her father, had occasioned her to entreat a separation, at least for some time, which had been granted her, under condition of keeping it secret. "Perhaps," said she, "I forfeit one of my duties now by revealing it; but I trust I shall carefully fulfil every other, whatever pangs it may cost my heart. Farewell, Lindorf, we must see each other no more. Fly this fatal place, and, if possible, forget the unfortunate Caroline."

"Fly! Forget you!" replied Lindorf, whose countenance was somewhat changed by a ray of hope during the short recital of Caroline.—"No, never, never!—I still see a possibility, I still dare hope for happiness!"

"Lindorf!—Be careful what you say; grief certainly has disturbed your reason!"

"No, if thou wilt deign but to consent, bliss may still be mine—My dearest Caroline,

line, hear me—I know thy heart pleads in my behalf, in vain wouldest thou forbid it; to me it appertains, by the ardour, the purity of affection have I deserved it, and my rights are far more sacred than those of a tyrannical husband, who thus has abused paternal authority; grant me but thy permission, and these hated bands shall be broken; yes, they shall; I dare affirm they shall. The King is just, he loves me, will listen to me. Beside, I have a certain resource, a friend, a support that cannot fail.”

“Unhappy Lindorf!” interrupted Caroline; “yield not to these chimeras. The King himself has forged the chains which no power can break; for who is there whose interest may, for a moment, outweigh that of the Count of Walstein?”

Again Lindorf stood the statue of amazement and dread! Again, the moment he could respire, he echoed—“Caroline!—The Count of Walstein!”

“The name has escaped my lips,” said Caroline, “and my only dependance is on your discretion. Judge, then, what your hopes must be, since it is he, Lindorf; yes, it is the Count of Walstein who is—my husband!”

Lindorf

Lindorf remained with his eyes fixed on the earth, his arms crossed, his faculties wholly absorbed, and in thought so deep as to seem almost lifeless ; long he remained ; but recovering, at length, from apparent stupor, “ Caroline,” said he, fetching a deep and almost endless sigh, and without looking at her, “ I must leave you, Caroline, but I will return to-morrow morning ; it is essentially necessary that I should speak to you once more. To-morrow, here, in this same place, at this same hour, tell me, will you meet me ?”

“ Yes,” answered Caroline, scarcely knowing what she said.

“ To-morrow, then,” continued Lindorf, making a step to approach Caroline, but instantly recoiling, and seizing his hat—“ To-morrow”—He could say no more, but suddenly fled.

Imagine what the condition, what the feelings were of Caroline, and what the crowded and confused ideas that assailed her heart. The first, however, was the promise that she should see him once more. What could he have to say which he might not then have said ? Wherefore, so earnestly, and with such solemnity, entreat an interview to-morrow ? She almost repented
of

of the consent she had given ; and, yet, could she have refused ? Beside, it was possible he had not abandoned the hope of obtaining a divorce, for he did not say he had ; it therefore was necessary to meet him again, that she might dissuade him from all useless efforts, which could only end in discovering their affection, and in rendering the miserable Caroline still more miserable.

The reflection determined her to be punctual to the appointed time, and at the appointed place. She afterwards began to think how difficult it would be longer to conceal the truth from the Canoness. What would the absence of Lindorf lead her to suppose ? Caroline felt too how great the consolation would be of giving her sorrows vent, and shedding her tears in the bosom of a friend so tender and so indulgent. Yet the promise they had required of her had been so strong, so positive, and the menaced punishment was so terrible, that, without permission, she durst not speak. Her having betrayed it to Lindorf was enough, nay, too much ; and nothing but the motives on which she had acted could justify her to herself. Yet the more she reflected, the more she saw the
5 necessity

necessity of informing the Baroness ; she therefore determined, be the consequence what it might, to write to her father, and beg permission to inform her. “ It was “ no longer possible,” she said, “ to dis- “ semble with her dear Mamma, or to “ conceal her marriage. The ignorance “ of the Baroness, concerning that event, “ exposed her to most painful conver- “ sations, and which were continually re- “ peated. Every moment ready to be- “ tray herself, she most humbly suppli- “ cated permission to confess a secret which “ lay too heavy on her heart, and which “ was an offence to the gratitude and the “ friendship she owed the Baroness. And “ what was there to fear ? The ill health “ of the Baroness, her love of retirement, “ her absence from all society, made dis- “ cretion certain ; for to whom could she “ speak, since nobody she saw ? Beside,” added Caroline, willing to prevent the visit and the persecution she dreaded, “ de- “ termined as I am not to leave her, so “ long as she lives, is it not a shocking “ thing to be forbidden to speak truth, “ and to open my heart to the dear friend “ who has been to me a mother ?—Believe “ me, dear, dear Sir,” continued she, “ to

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“ afflict you will doubly afflict myself ; or
“ to deprive you of a child, who, if so you
“ had pleased, never would have forsaken
“ you, but to you would have consecrated
“ her life, in proof of her affection ; but
“ you, Sir, thought proper otherwise to
“ ordain : permit me, dear Sir, in my turn,
“ to enjoy that liberty which my Husband
“ and King have granted, which was, that
“ *I might remain at Rindaw as long as I*
“ *pleas'd* ; for such was the sentence, which
“ I shall never forget. My resolution, Sir,
“ is to remain here so long as my only
“ friend shall live, to whom my cares and
“ attentions may be useful, and so long as
“ my heart and my reason shall revolt at
“ the ties I have formed.”

Such was the substance of the letter, which after having copied and sent, Caroline found herself somewhat relieved ; her secret became less burthensome by the hope of being permitted to reveal it ; and the idea of not beholding the Count, for years to come, somewhat consoled her for the dreadful one of never beholding Lindorf more. It was, indeed, too much to feel the double torment of renouncing the man she loved, and living with the man she hated ; persuaded that her fortitude would
rid

aid her of the latter misfortune, she felt recovering strength to support the former.

“ I shall see him no more,” said she ;
“ but, though I see not him, I shall be troubled with the sight of no one else ; and of him I may think unceasingly, here, in these groves, in this pavilion, which his presence has rendered so dear to memory.”

Thus fortified, Caroline was able to support the conversation of the Canoness and her questions, afflicting as they were ; for she every moment was inquiring if Caroline did not imagine Lindorf would come to-day, every moment was repeating her astonishment that he had not been punctual to his promise. The disorder in her eyes, which still increased, prevented her from seeing the effects of her inquiries on the countenance of Caroline, whose cheeks were flush and pale and continually varying, affected by a continued variety of distress, but this the Baroness saw not ; she spoke of nothing but the dear youth, was fearful lest some misfortune had happened to him, and, in the evening, determined to send the next day to make inquiries.

At length she retired to her chamber, as did Caroline gladly to hers, in which she passed the night as she had done the night

before. At the appointed hour she was at the pavilion; but Lindorf was not come. She waited half an hour, which seemed half an age, and yet he came not. She opened the window, went out on the road, went to the entrance of the wood, and looked every way as far as look she could; at length, she beheld him coming. She just had strength enough to gain the pavilion, where she sat herself down, unable to rise when he entered, and could only return his salutation by a slight inclination of the head.

Lindorf observed her excessive paleness and dejection: he advanced, tremblingly, and without speaking a single word. When he was near her, he kneeled on one knee and presented her a packet, sealed up, and a box containing a miniature picture. He bowed and, rising, recovered sufficient strength to say, in a low and half suffocated voice, "Accept these from a friend.—Farewell! Caroline, farewell! may you be happy!" Then, respectfully, though not without passion, twice kissing her hand, he rose, put his handkerchief to his eyes, and left the pavilion.

Had not the packet and the box remained, Caroline would have imagined she had seen an apparition; so suddenly and so strangely

strangely had he disappeared. With wild stupor her looks followed Lindorf; and no sooner was he gone than, her arms instinctively extending themselves towards the door, Caroline exclaimed, "Oh Lindorf! Lindorf!"

Lindorf heard her not, Lindorf saw her not, Lindorf, alas! was no longer there. She rose precipitately, let the packet and the box fall from her lap, on which they had been placed, and ran to the window, where she saw Lindorf as if flying from an enemy, or struck with panic fear. He was presently out of sight, and the tears of Caroline began abundantly to stream down her cheeks. It was well they did; for, in all probability, they prevented fainting, and, perhaps, worse consequences.

"It is past," said she, "I shall see him no more. To me he is for ever lost."

Her sobs interrupted speech, and almost respiration; and again her tears began to course each other with greater violence. At length she remembered the packet and the box, which Lindorf had left, and which were lying at her feet. In these, no doubt, she would find something that might explain this singular and mysterious farewell: she took the box up first. It is his image,

the portrait of Lindorf, thought she, as she was endeavouring to open it. "And thinkest thou I have need of such aid to recollect thee, Lindorf?"

Yet was it a consolation to possess his picture, the value of which she fully felt, and the recollection made her open the box with eagerness.—How great was her surprise!—It was the uniform of Lindorf, it was a Captain of the Guards, it was a most handsome man, but it was not her lover; a person entirely different from Lindorf and to her entirely unknown. She instantly shut the box again, threw it with anger on the table, and took up the packet.

"Let us see," said she, "if this incomprehensible man has explained what this may mean. Whose is this portrait? Wherefore leave, why give it me?" The seals of the packet were presently broken, and in it she found a manuscript in the hand-writing of Lindorf. Caroline was so much affected that she began to read without at all comprehending what she read; at length, however, her scattered thoughts were somewhat collected, and, seating herself at the window, she took up the manuscript, and again began to read.

The

The MANUSCRIPT *of* LINDORF.

Dated at the chateau of Risberg, the evening after he had quitted Caroline ; and at the conclusion was written,

“Finished this morning at nine o’clock.”

“GENERAL WALSTEIN, father of the
 “Ambassador, having travelled to England
 “in his youth, he there saw Lady Matilda
 “Seymour, whom he loved, whose hand
 “he asked in marriage and obtained, and
 “whom he brought to Prussia, where he
 “made her the happiest of women. Two
 “children were the sole fruits of this
 “union ; the first a son, the present Count,
 “and the only remaining male of the fami-
 “ly, which, if he dies childless, will, with
 “him, become extinct. This son was,
 “therefore, the greatest blessing Heaven
 “could bestow on his parents. Twelve
 “years after he was born they had a daugh-
 “ter, whose tardy and unexpected birth
 “was the death of her mother. The event
 “threw the General into the deepest me-
 “lancholy ; he had adored his lady and
 “remained faithful to her memory ; for,

H 4

“though

“ though still young, he vowed never again
“ to marry, but to consecrate the remainder
“ of his days to the service of his country
“ and the education of his children.

“ The daughter, to whom the name of
“ Matilda had been given, was committed
“ to the care of the General’s sisters, one of
“ whom had married the Baron of Zastrow,
“ a Saxon gentleman, but living then at
“ Berlin; so that the child was still under
“ her father’s eye. His son, conducted
“ through the paths of honour and virtue
“ by himself, gave signs, in earliest infancy,
“ of what he should one day become, and
“ inspired his tender father with the sweet
“ and certain hope of hereafter fully re-
“ compensing all his cares.

“ But, alas! this happy father lived not
“ to the full enjoyment of a pleasure so
“ supreme. War broke out between Au-
“ stria and Prussia. The General com-
“ manded a part of the victorious Prus-
“ sians, and the King had already distin-
“ guished him as one of his greatest Gene-
“ rals, when he had the happiness to prove
“ his unbounded attachment and zeal, to
“ his Majesty, by sacrificing his own life,
“ at the battle of Molvitz, and saving
“ that of his Sovereign. The King, de-
“ pending

“ pending wholly on his courage and neglecting his safety, was in the utmost danger; pursued by several Austrian hussars, his horse had been wounded and could not fly, and himself ran the risk of either being taken or killed. General Walstein was the sole person who saw the danger, attended by his son, then in his sixteenth year, and making his campaign, in the company of his father, as a simple volunteer. The General intercepted the hussars; the young Count flew to the King with his horse, while his father wounded, or put to flight, the pursuers, and himself received the mortal blow which, else, perhaps, had descended on the Monarch.

“ Some officers came up, among whom my father was, who was the General’s most intimate friend, and they and young Walstein bore his father to his tent. The King, in consternation, followed; and the surgeons, having examined the wound, declared he had only a few moments to live. His son, kneeling by his bedside, gave way to grief the most unbounded; and incessantly repeated, “ Oh ! my father, my dear father, why was it not me they killed ! ” The Gene-

“ ral collected the little remaining strength
“ he possessed to console and recommend
“ his son to the King. “ I commit him,
“ Sir,” said he, “ into your hands ; he has
“ partook my peril and my glory ; and he,
“ like me, will learn to live and die in the
“ defence of his King and country. You
“ will be to him a father, he faithful to
“ you as I have been, and thus both to
“ you and him I shall be replaced.—And
“ for you, young man, weep not ; shew
“ more fortitude, and envy the glorious
“ death I die. Instead of grieving, think
“ of deserving, by your courage, the au-
“ gust father to whom I dying confide
“ you.”

“ Yes,” said the King, exceedingly af-
“ fected, clasping the young Count in his
“ arms, “ I will be a father to him, and
“ never, so long as I live, will forget that
“ for my sake he lost his own. He shall
“ henceforth be my son and friend ; and,
“ to prove it, I now, instantly, give him a
“ commission in the guards, which will fix
“ his residence near me, during his youth,
“ and which is but the beginning of the
“ good I intend.”

“ The young Count, wholly devoted to
“ affliction, answered not ; perhaps, did
“ not hear what the King had said. Gra-
“ titude

"titude and happiness however again were
 "visible in the countenance of the expir-
 "ing General, and animation once more
 "rose to those eyes which the shades of
 "death had half obscured; he stretched
 "out one hand to his King and the other
 "to his son, and, making a last effort, said
 "to the latter—"My son—your sister—
 "my dear little Matilda—to you I confide
 "her and the care of her future happiness
 "—Poor girl!—But you will love, you
 "will be a father."

"He could say no more. The young
 "Count would have replied, but incessant
 "sobs choaked up utterance; he only could
 "kiss the General's hand, which he did
 "with such an enthusiasm of affliction as
 "might well assure the dying father of the
 "love and obedience of the son. Alas!
 "that hand was already cold, and the next
 "moment the breath departed from the
 "General, who lay reclined in the arms
 "of *my* father, to whom, likewise, expir-
 "ing, he said, "Lindorf, you love my
 "children. Oh! my King, my son, my
 "friend, grieve not for me, for I die the
 "happiest of subjects and of fathers."

"Perhaps, Madam, these affecting in-
 "cidents are not unknown to you, but,

“ if so, I still thought it my duty, on
“ the present occasion, to recall them to
“ your memory. Yet I have reason to
“ suppose you wholly unacquainted with
“ them, and that they will make the same
“ impression on you they did on me when
“ my father, a witness of this affecting
“ scene, has taken pleasure in recounting
“ it to me. How has it warmed my heart!
“ How has it incited admiration and a de-
“ sire to emulate the young hero who, at
“ so tender an age, had saved the life of
“ his King, and discovered so much cou-
“ rage and sensibility! With what ardour
“ did I desire to become acquainted with
“ him, attach myself to him, and imitate
“ his virtues as far as for me imitation was
“ possible! How often have I entreated my
“ father to take me to Berlin, that I might
“ solicit the King to permit the young
“ Count of Walstein to come and pass some
“ months at our house!

“ My father’s ill health had obliged
“ him to quit the service a few years after
“ the death of the General; since which
“ time he constantly remained at an estate
“ which lies in the farther part of Silesia.
“ Several years were passed there before
“ the passionate desire I had to see the
“ Count

“ Count could be gratified; I was too
 “ young to appear at court, and being en-
 “ gaged in my studies, these could not be
 “ interrupted; nor could my father, not-
 “ withstanding his frequent solicitations,
 “ prevail on the King to suffer his adopted
 “ son out of his sight, for whom his at-
 “ tachment daily increased.

“ Never, perhaps, was there so great a
 “ favourite, and never, perhaps, was there
 “ so deserving a one. Far from profiting
 “ by the partiality of his master, and accu-
 “ mulating wealth and honours to himself,
 “ he sought only to make others happy;
 “ and, instead of being envied, was adored.
 “ The name of the young Count of Wal-
 “ stein was never pronounced without affec-
 “ tion and praise; every father proposed
 “ him as a model to his sons, and every
 “ mother wished him the husband of her
 “ daughter; though few, indeed, might
 “ flatter herself with such a hope. The
 “ King openly said he himself would give
 “ him a wife, and the King destined the
 “ most amiable of women for Walstein.

“ Oh, Caroline! Caroline!—Yet, have
 “ I a right to murmur?—No, you ought
 “ to appertain to the best of men; you,
 “ only, could reward the virtues of Wal-
 “ stein,

stein, and Walstein, only, could merit
you.

“ At last, the long-wished-for moment
“ of meeting the Count arrived. Return-
“ ing from a most fatiguing campaign,
“ young Walstein, having need of rest,
“ added his entreaties to those of my father,
“ and supplicated permission of the King to
“ pass a part of the summer at Ronebourg,
“ the estate at which my father resided.
“ The King had not the power to refuse
“ him any thing, and his request was
“ granted, though reluctantly. I heard
“ the news with transport. He came, and
“ I found that Fame, instead of having
“ exaggerated, was still far beneath the
“ truth. The Count was in the very prime
“ of life ; he was then-four-and-twenty, and
“ to the most dignified figure, and features
“ the most beautiful, he added a counte-
“ nance incredibly expressive ; his eyes
“ were the very mirror of his mind ; in
“ them were painted benevolence and sen-
“ sibility, and, whenever any trait of vir-
“ tue or of courage was related, they per-
“ fectly flashed with animation and plea-
“ sure ; he was tall, his legs were remark-
“ ably handsome, nor is it possible to con-
“ vey the pleasing sensations that the sym-
“ metry

“metry of his person and his whole appearance inspired.

“I see your surprise, Caroline——Yes, such was your husband, and such your husband would still have been, if——
“O, Caroline, I implore your pity; never did wretch stand in greater need of compassion.—You cannot imagine the horrible tale I have to tell; you cannot have the most distant conception of the pangs I feel at recollecting that, perhaps, in a moment, you will detest me—Yet, no; the good, the gentle, the tender Caroline will weep over my destiny, will pardon, and, I hope, forgive; for, though great have been my crimes, yet, surely, great is my present punishment.”

Tears and contending passions took possession of the soul of Caroline, obliged her to rest, and the manuscript dropped from her hands. She cast her eyes on the box that contained the portrait, comprehended whose it once was, reached out her arm to take it, and, without daring to touch it, as suddenly drew back. The palpitations of her heart were violent, her ideas disordered, her imagination bewildered, and it was necessary to recollect herself, for a moment, ere she could again begin reading. She sighed profoundly, dried up her tears,
once

once more glanced at the box, again turned her eyes away, took up the manuscript, and continued with an emotion that augmented at every line:

“ I was in my nineteenth year when Wal-
“ stein came to Ronebourg, and, notwith-
“ standing the difference of age and situa-
“ tion, his kindness outran my hopes by
“ the most delicate offers of friendship,
“ which, to me, was as necessary as it was
“ flattering; for I then stood in the utmost
“ need of a friend. My heart panted after
“ some one who could understand it, to
“ whom it could open itself, and who
“ could participate its feelings. I was dis-
“ tractedly in love—Yet, no, it is profana-
“ tion so to use the word. I loved not. I
“ have since too well known what love
“ really is, so to confound the two sensations
“ —But I was ardently, inordinately, desir-
“ ous of obtaining a young woman of abso-
“ lutely obscure birth; yet, whose beauty
“ might have placed her on a throne. Yes,
“ Caroline, Louisa was indeed beautiful;
“ she must have been, otherwise, I could
“ not think her so now, could not tell you
“ so at this moment.”

The heart of Caroline had undergone such variety of trials, and so severe, that it

is not wonderful she felt herself affected at this place. She leaned back, for a moment, on her chair; had recourse to her smelling-bottle, and, when she was somewhat recovered, again went on:

“ Louisa was the daughter of an invalid
 “ serjeant (my father held it a duty to main-
 “ tain a certain number of invalids) and of
 “ one of my mother’s maids. The old
 “ couple lived a quarter of a league from
 “ Ronebourg, on a small farm, which my
 “ parents had given them as a reward for
 “ past services. During my childhood I
 “ was continually with them, continually
 “ in the arms of the good Cicely, who had
 “ nursed me, and who loved me as dearly
 “ as she did her own son, Fritz; who, in
 “ these my boyish days, was my intimate
 “ friend. Louisa, younger by some years
 “ than he, was still dearer to me; for I
 “ could not quit the farm of the good
 “ Josselin, her father, nor live separate from
 “ her a moment; and when they sent me
 “ to the University I shed as many years at
 “ taking leave of Cicely, Josselin, and, par-
 “ ticularly, the little Louisa, as in quitting
 “ the house of my father.

“ I obtained permission to take Fritz
 “ with me. I was ignorant, then, that this
 “ lad

“lad was, naturally, as vile and deceitful
“as his parents were honest; or, I should
“rather say, his baseness was not at that
“time come to maturity. I saw him acute,
“active, faithful, and zealous for my ser-
“vice and my interests. He was the son
“of my nurse, the brother of Louisa. How
“many claims, therefore, had he on my
“confidence and love! They were not for-
“gotten, and he was esteemed rather as a
“friend than as a domestic.

“Some years stay at Erlang greatly en-
“feebled the remembrance of the farm, and
“the pleasures of childhood; yet were
“they occasionally revived by letters that
“Fritz received from his sister, and shewed
“me. These always contained some short
“article concerning her young master,
“which was so tenderly expressed, and she
“recommended Fritz so urgently to love
“him, to serve him faithfully, asked so
“earnestly concerning his health and wel-
“fare, that I melted while I read them, and
“felt great impatience again to see her by
“whom they were written.

“Among them came one which inform-
“ed Fritz of the death of his mother, my
“good and dear nurse. The grief of Louisa
“was real and affecting, and painted with
“so

“ so much sensibility, an energy so power-
 “ ful, and so native to a noble heart, that,
 “ at hearing it read, the most rugged na-
 “ ture must have been moved. I, too, was
 “ sincerely afflicted for her who, ever since
 “ my birth, had bestowed the most tender
 “ attentions on me. I wept her death more
 “ than Fritz, and was far less easily con-
 “ soled. I have since recollected that one
 “ day, when I spoke of my sorrow for the
 “ death of his mother, a phrase escaped
 “ him which I did not then interpret as I
 “ do now. “ You may see Louisa with
 “ much less difficulty,” said he. Had age
 “ and experience better taught me, this
 “ would have sufficiently unveiled his odi-
 “ ous character; but I, at that time, pre-
 “ served that sweet innocence which suffers
 “ us not to suspect evil.

“ A short time after I was recalled home.
 “ I returned to Ronebourg, and arrived
 “ there some months before the visit of the
 “ young Count of Walstein took place.—
 “ The very next day I ran to the farm of
 “ Joffelin, accompanied by Fritz; but,
 “ good God! what were my feelings when
 “ I beheld Louisa, and saw the amazing
 “ change which a few years had made in her
 “ person! Never before had I beheld a
 “ being

“ being so beauteous. She was in mourn-
“ ing, and her black vest, while it marked
“ her elegant form and shewed her slender
“ shape more slender, gave a fine contrast to
“ one of the finest complexions Nature
“ ever bestowed. Her cheeks glowed with
“ animation and pleasure at the return of
“ her brother, and young master; her large
“ dark eyes were powerfully and affectingly
“ expressive; and her hair, black as the
“ ribband by which it was decorated, fall-
“ ing in large tresses on each side, made
“ freshness look more fresh, and added
“ brightness to the vivid colours of youth.

“ Pardon me, Caroline, for thus dwell-
“ ing on circumstances which, to you,
“ cannot be very interesting; and which,
“ now, to me, are become only indifferent,
“ except as they may prove some alleviation
“ to excesses into which a most ungovern-
“ able passion hurried me; for never can
“ my crime find forgiveness, unless in the
“ superiority of that beauty by which it was
“ inspired; its effects, alas! were the most
“ sudden and the most deplorable!

“ When I set out for the farm, I had re-
“ solved, in the gaiety of my heart, to let
“ Louisa guess which of the two was her
“ brother; and had, therefore, dressed my-
“ self

“ self nearly like him ; but the ecstacy, the
 “ trouble, the desires, of my soul, presently
 “ betrayed me. Fritz laughed, and saw,
 “ with joy, the impression his sister had
 “ made on me. Louisa ran with open
 “ arms and pleasure in her eyes ; but, sud-
 “ denly stopping when she came to me,
 “ she made me a rustic courtesy, which I
 “ thought all grace, and, falling on her
 “ brother’s neck, melted into tears.

“ I was as much affected as she, and the
 “ good old Josselin came to add to our emo-
 “ tion. He received me with tenderness
 “ and respect ; we went into the house, and
 “ there he spoke to me of Cicely, the man-
 “ ner of her death, the greatness of his
 “ affliction, and recited all she had said, in
 “ her dying moments, relative to Fritz and
 “ me. I wished to answer, but I could only
 “ behold Louisa and weep with her. Jos-
 “ felin, afterwards, talked of his children,
 “ and asked if I was satisfied with his son.
 “ As for Louisa,” said he, “ she is a good
 “ girl ; she takes care of me, and the
 “ household affairs, and supplies the place
 “ of her mother better than could be ex-
 “ pected : so long as she continues pru-
 “ dent, and her brother behaves well, I
 “ shall be easy and happy, and, after a while,
 “ shall,

“ shall, in my turn, again go and meet
“ my dear Cicely. When I am gone, I
“ trust to God and my Lord the Baron to
“ take care of my small family, in whom,
“ my children, I hope you will find con-
“ solation for the loss of your poor old
“ father.”

“ Louisa ran into his arms. Fritz, also,
“ approached, but he appeared to me but
“ feebly moved: or, rather, I beheld only
“ Louisa, the beauteous, the affectionate,
“ the tender Louisa; and I could have
“ wished, like her, to have kneeled to the
“ old man, to have called him my father,
“ also, to have taken his hands and have
“ pressed them to my lips. The father of
“ Louisa was to me, at that moment, the
“ most respectable of beings.

“ It was time that a scene so affecting
“ should finish. My heart was overcharged,
“ and might not contain all these throng-
“ ing sensations, and I left the farm, bear-
“ ing, in this captivated heart, the image
“ of Louisa and the fever of love. Fritz
“ perceived all this, because he waited and
“ wished it all. A connection between his
“ sister and me made him suppose my fa-
“ vour certain, and his own fortune made.
“ Perhaps, his ambition went farther still,
“ and

“ and flattered him he might become the
 “ brother of his master. His base and in-
 “ terested mind regarded not the dishonour
 “ of his family, or of mine, if he only
 “ could receive benefit thereby ; he, there-
 “ fore, took every means in his power to
 “ blow up the flame by which I was de-
 “ voured, and in which he succeeded but
 “ too well.

“ Is not Louisa well grown and exceed-
 “ ingly handsome, Sir ?” said he. “ What
 “ a pity would it be if some stupid lout
 “ should possess such a treasure of charms ?
 “ For my part, I verily believe I should ra-
 “ ther see her the mistress of a great Lord,
 “ like you, than the wife of a rustic who
 “ would never know half her worth.”

“ This, and other similar conversation,
 “ disgusted me not, though it would have
 “ done, no doubt, before I had seen Louisa.
 “ The dear idea of possessing her, no mat-
 “ ter by what means, transported me ; and
 “ I, every day, swallowed deeper draughts
 “ of the poison by which my feeble heart
 “ was infected ; every day went to the
 “ farm, under the pretext of coursing or
 “ shooting, and was always kindly received
 “ by Josselin and his daughter, when they
 “ were together. As soon as I arrived,
 “ Louisa

“ Louisa would run to the dairy, fetch me
“ a bowl of milk, cut me some brown
“ bread, and, sometimes, eat with me. The
“ good Josselin would recount his ancient
“ exploits and campaigns, while emptying
“ his bottle of beer. I feigned to listen,
“ while my eyes were continually searching
“ Louisa and devouring her beauties; and
“ never could I leave the place without an
“ increase of passion.

“ If I found her alone, all her former
“ pleasing attentions, all that air of friend-
“ ship and satisfaction were gone, and a
“ marked embarrassment was ever appa-
“ rent. She began a sentence and left it
“ unfinished; sometimes seemed affected,
“ and ready to weep; then, no longer
“ master of myself, would I approach her
“ with ecstacy, venture some little liberties,
“ and recall to her mind the sports of our
“ infancy. But she ever repelled me with
“ so firm, so serious, so decided a tone,
“ that it awed my audacity, and inspired
“ headstrong passion with fear.

“ When I returned home I would com-
“ plain to Fritz of his sister's reserve, con-
“ jure him to see her, to speak in my fa-
“ vour, and to prevail on her to grant me
“ more of her friendship and confidence.

“ He

“He would laugh, and assure me I was beloved, passionately beloved, that he knew it well from the confusion in which Louisa always appeared when we were alone, which was a certain proof. “But these young girls,” said he, “who, in fact, only wish to yield, wish to have some excuse for yielding.”

“Emboldened by this hope, I would return to the farm. If Josselin was present I was received with every possible kindness; if not, the same continual embarrassment took place, and, if I became pressing, the same resistance. This conduct drove me to despair, and my love, at length, knew no bounds.

“Such was the trouble and effervescence of my passions when the Count of Walstein came to Ronebourg. Louisa was the whole world to me, for Louisa only I existed, and ‘Louisa I must possess, or die,’ was the continual exclamation of my heart. The very reputation of the Count for prudence was sufficient to deter me, for some days, from making any avowal of my passion. At first I was afraid of his over powerful reason, but the Count knew so well how to conceal his own superiority that he himself
 VOL. I. I “seemed

"seemed unconscious of it. His mind,
 "while it was strong and sublime, was so
 "gentle and affectionate, and to a ripened
 "wisdom of age he so naturally added all
 "the graces and vivacity of youth, that,
 "after a short acquaintance, all fear and
 "constraint were gone.

"His indulgent nature was so concili-
 "ating, so winning, that, one day, as we
 "were walking together, and he was rally-
 "ing me on the absence, the apparent dis-
 "traction of my thoughts, I ventured to
 "inform him of the cause, and to open my
 "whole heart. To him I made a recital
 "much like that you just have read;
 "omitted no circumstance, and all was re-
 "peated with that warmth and enthusiasm
 "which well were descriptive of the passion
 "by which I was devoured, while he
 "seemed to listen with the utmost emotion
 "and concern. When I had ended, he
 "took me by the hand, and clasping it
 "with all the sympathy of affection, "O
 "Lindorf," said he, "my too youthful,
 "too tender friend, what a mountain of
 "affliction art thou heaping on thyself!"

"He was proceeding to give me some
 "advice, but I interrupted him. "It is
 "not advice," said I, "dear Count, that
 "I ask;

“ I ask ; it is compassion and indulgence,
 “ it is your consent to see my Louisa, and,
 “ till you have seen her, not to pass judg-
 “ ment on me.” So saying, I forcibly
 “ drew him towards the farm.

“ Louisa was alone, and very melan-
 “ choly. She appeared as if she had been
 “ weeping, but this only made the greater
 “ impresson on me; the surprise of seeing
 “ a stranger, as we entered, spread her
 “ beautiful face with modest blushes; and
 “ her timidity and embarrassment height-
 “ ened her charms. She recovered herself,
 “ and received us as well as possible. I
 “ observed she often looked at the Count,
 “ and that sighs occasionally escaped her
 “ which she endeavoured to repress. As
 “ for Walstein, he beheld her with asto-
 “ nishment, and turned, afterwards, and
 “ looked on me with eyes of affliction.

“ We took a walk round the little
 “ kitchen garden of Louisa. There were
 “ a few flowers, intermingled, and she ga-
 “ thered each of us a violet. I could not
 “ help observing she gave the finest of them
 “ to my friend; but, certainly, this was
 “ nothing more than politeness, and I could
 “ not be jealous of the Count, whom she
 “ had never seen before; no, I was only
 “ pleased

“ pleased that she behaved so as might best
“ obtain his good opinion. Nothing, I
“ observed, escaped him; the good order
“ of her little garden, the neatness of her
“ person, and the cleanliness of her house;
“ he saw them all, and felt them all.

“ We took our leave, and, at a little
“ distance from the house, met Josselin,
“ who was returning from the fields. His
“ long white hair and venerable figure
“ struck the Count. “ This,” said I, “ is
“ the father of Louisa.” Josselin came up,
“ and spoke some time with his usual good
“ sense; after which we parted, and conti-
“ nued our way. I walked beside the
“ Count without uttering a word, my an-
“ xious and inquisitive eyes endeavoured
“ to penetrate his thoughts, but he like-
“ wise kept silence. At length, I could for-
“ bear no longer—“ Well, my dear Count,
“ tell me, am I so very culpable for ador-
“ ing Louisa?”

“ Not, at present,” replied he; “ you
“ are yet only unfortunate; she deserves to
“ be adored”—Then tenderly embracing
“ me, “ No, you are not culpable,” added
“ he, “ but, perhaps, another day, and
“ you may be—Fly, dear Lindorf, fly
“ that dangerous girl; there is no other
“ possible

“possible resource. If the most sincere
“the most tender friendship may any way
“soften the pangs of love, mine shall be
“wholly yours. I will not forsake you,
“will go with you to Berlin, or take you
“to my own estate, or, in fine, wherever
“you please, provided it be far enough
“from Ronebourg.”

“Fly!” said I, “Fly Louisa! Live
“without Louisa! No, never, never.”

“And what, in the name of heaven,”
“replied the Count, with ardour, “do
“you think of doing? What are your
“hopes? Do you mean to *marry her*?—
“Remember your parents, and think whe-
“ther you also mean to *murder them*.—
“Do you wish to seduce her? I cannot
“suppose you would entertain an idea so
“dishonourable, so abhorrent. Louisa is
“the picture of virtue and innocence.
“And her respectable aged father, who
“esteems, who loves, who receives you as
“if you were his own son, would you be-
“tray the confidence he reposes in you by
“bearing that from him which of all things
“on earth is to him the most precious?
“No, Lindorf, you never can be guilty
“of an act so atrocious. Lindorf will
“listen to the voice of honour, of reason,

“ of true friendship, and, if he shed tears,
“ they shall not be the distracting tears
“ of guilty remorse.”

“ The features, the voice, the eyes of
“ the Count assumed an expression and
“ energy which are impossible for me to
“ convey; and with conviction irresistible
“ assailed the heart. A Deity seemed
“ speaking! A supreme Intelligence, de-
“ scended from heaven to enlighten and
“ save! Every word he pronounced was
“ so different from what I daily heard from
“ Fritz, and I had been so little accus-
“ tomed to behold my passion under so
“ criminal a point of view, that I was ab-
“ solutely struck speechless, and stood be-
“ fore him abashed. The Count observed
“ me, knew what was passing in my mind,
“ and, tenderly taking me by the hand, I
“ see,” said he, “ the reasons I have urged
“ have made some impression on you, and
“ that virtue will soon regain her empire.
“ Come, my friend, come with me, and
“ ask your father’s permission to travel
“ awhile. We will depart to-morrow.”

“ To-morrow!” cried I, in all the pangs
“ of returning passion, “ depart to-mor-
“ row! From Louisa! See her no more!
“ Ignorant whether I am beloved, whe-
“ ther

“ther I ever may see her again! No,
“Walstein, no; hope it not; it is too
“much; it is at once to plunge a dagger
“to my heart.” Then, leaning my head
“against a tree, and shedding tears, I
“added, “I feel the force of what you
“have said; it is but too true. Ah!
“wherefore had I not a friend like you
“in the beginning of this fatal passion?
“But it is now too late, a devouring fire
“scorches me up, and now I feel, too
“powerfully feel, there is no alternative
“but Louisa or death—Yet will I endea-
“vour, in part, to follow your advice;
“to remain some days without seeing her,
“without going to the farm; but let me
“have the consolation of being near
“her.—Alas! dear Sir, I am a sick man,
“to whom nursing and precaution are ne-
“cessary, and whom a remedy too violent
“would immediately kill.”

“The Count owned I was right, and
“mildly endeavoured to calm and console
“me. He remained satisfied with the
“promise, which I repeated, of not going
“for some days to the farm, and, no
“doubt, hoped, by degrees, to bring me
“to consent to a longer absence.

“In the evening I complained of not

“ being well, that I might thus impose an
“ obligation upon myself of keeping my
“ chamber ; for I felt, if I should leave it,
“ my feet would, instinctively, conduct me
“ to Louisa ; but a feigned sickness would
“ deprive me of the liberty of going. Yet
“ could it not be said to be feigned ; for I,
“ for several days past, had had an inward
“ fever, the usual consequence of violent
“ passions. I slept little, and ate less ; this
“ excessive change alarmed my parents, but
“ I assured them that a few days of rest and
“ proper care would presently restore me.
“ Walstein failed not highly to praise my
“ fortitude, left me but seldom, and, while
“ with me, took every means to increase
“ and give force to reason, and greatly re-
“ lieved the torment of passion ; but the
“ moment he left me it as suddenly re-
“ sumed its empire, to which Fritz, in-
“ deed, continually was aiding, by his
“ insinuations and discourse.

“ He had perceived, from some few
“ words he had heard, and even from what
“ had escaped me myself, that the Count
“ opposed my love for Louisa ; and this
“ fellow was, therefore, only the more in-
“ dustrious to keep it alive and enflamed.
“ Nor were any great efforts necessary ; for
“ no

“no sooner was I ever alone with him than
 “I began, in spite of all my endeavours to
 “be silent, to speak of his sister. He as-
 “sured me she secretly moaned my ab-
 “sence and my indisposition, and that, for
 “four days, during which she had not seen
 “me, she had done nothing but weep:
 “Poor girl! ’tis quite piteous to see her,
 “my Lord; she loves you to distraction;
 “and then she keeps it all to herself; no
 “foul but I *knows* it, but I *does* all I can to
 “comfort her; I *tells* her she is not the
 “first country lass that has loved a great
 “Lord, and I *says*, how happy she would
 “be with you; for, to be sure, you are so
 “good, and so generous, that, certainly,
 “you would never forsake her.”

“These kind of conversations, conti-
 “nually repeated, too potently contributed
 “to increase passion and enfeeble forti-
 “tude. One day, the fifth or sixth of my
 “retreat, the Count having left me to go
 “a-shooting, and Fritz having spoken for
 “a whole hour of Louisa and her love for
 “me, unable any longer to resist, I broke
 “loose, like a child whose guardian had
 “left him to himself, and flew to the farm,
 “hoping to be back before the return of
 “the Count.

“ Joffelin was gone to the field, and
“ Louisa left alone in the house. Her
“ wheel stood by her, yet was she not spin-
“ ning, but, leaning on her elbows, she
“ had covered her eyes with her handker-
“ chief. At first she did not perceive me,
“ but, hearing the noise the shutting-to of
“ the door made, she looked up, and ex-
“ claimed, blushing, “ Good God! my
“ Lord, is it you? I was told you were
“ very ill, and am exceedingly glad to see
“ that”——

“ I did not give her time to finish her
“ sentence; the affection which I imagined
“ these few words contained, her blushes,
“ and her eyes, red and humid with tears,
“ all confirmed me every thing Fritz had
“ told me concerning her love was true.
“ Enchanted, in ecstacies, at seeing her
“ again, and at seeing her thus soft and
“ tender, I flung myself at her feet, and
“ know not what I said. No longer mas-
“ ter of my reason, I expressed myself with
“ such enthusiasm and fire that Louisa was
“ terrified, but she could neither stop me
“ nor break from me; I had seized both
“ her hands, which, with great agitation
“ and force, I held, while I devoured them
“ with my kisses.

“ Just

“ Just at this instant the door opened,
 “ and in came the Count—I know not
 “ which of the three seemed most con-
 “ founded. The surprise of being thus
 “ caught made me quit Louisa’s hands,
 “ who, the moment she was free, fled pre-
 “ cipitately ; I rose, but durst not look up
 “ at Wallstein—At length, “ Are you here,
 “ Lindorf ?” said he. “ I left you in your
 “ chamber, and I find you at the feet of
 “ Louisa.”

“ Then you did not come to seek me ?”
 “ replied I ; with amazement still superior
 “ to his own.

“ I know not what passed at this instant
 “ in my mind ; I certainly did not suspect
 “ the Count ; no, I did not ; and yet could
 “ I no way account for this his unexpected
 “ arrival at the farm. I had, at first, sup-
 “ posed that, having been home and not
 “ finding me in my chamber, he had mis-
 “ trusted where I was gone ; but the sur-
 “ prise he discovered had wholly eradi-
 “ cated that idea.

“ No,” said he, recovering himself, “ it
 “ was not you I came to seek ; I wanted to
 “ speak to Josselin ; I will tell you on what
 “ subject.” Then taking me by the arm,

“ he brought me away before I could again
“ see Louisa.

“ As soon as we were out of the house,
“ he told me his serjeant was recruiting at
“ the neighbouring village, that he had
“ just been speaking to him, and finding
“ he had enlisted several young men, with
“ whom he supposed Josselin to be ac-
“ quainted, he had come to make inqui-
“ ries concerning them. This appeared
“ plausible, and half dissipated the vague
“ kind of inquietude I had involuntarily
“ felt.

“ And now,” said the Count, “ permit
“ me to ask you, in your turn, what you
“ were doing there; and what saying, to
“ Louisa, in an attitude of such supplica-
“ tion, and a tone so vehement? Forgive
“ me, Lindorf, but you have granted me
“ your confidence, and of this confidence
“ I should be most unworthy if I did not
“ endeavour to protect you from this worst
“ of dangers. You promised me to re-
“ main a week without seeing Louisa;
“ what then could be the intention of this
“ secret visit?”

“ To convince myself that I am be-
“ loved, and in that case”—

“ Well;

“ Well ; what then ? ”

“ Why, then,—to sacrifice every thing to Louisa ; to renounce all for her ; family, country, fortune, friends : she to me would be all, with her would I fly to the end of the world, if so it were necessary. I have offered her the choice of a secret marriage or an elopement ; and I am determined on the one or the other. I ask not the Count of Wallstein to assist me in this enterprise, but I depend upon his discretion.”

“ And has Louisa consented ? ” said he, with emotion.

“ She has not answered me ; you, suddenly, came in ; but she was greatly affected ; her tears, her manner, every thing spoke her tenderness ; beside, I am very certain I am beloved.”

“ It is possible you may deceive yourself,” said the Count. “ I think I am more certain that Louisa loves another.”

“ Loves another ! ” repeated I with phrensy—“ But, no, it cannot be ; Louisa is all innocence ; she never is from home, she sees only her father, brother, and me.”

“ And one more,” replied the Count ; “ a young peasant, called Justin, as I believe ; nay, I am assured he and Louisa have

“ have been lovers these three years, and
“ that Josselin has refused his consent to
“ the marriage only because Justin is poor.
“ If, however, he be beloved” —

“ Unable any longer to listen, my blood
“ boiling in my veins, and jealousy mad-
“ dening in my eyes, I seized the Count
“ by the arm, looked steadily at him, with
“ wild distraction, and demanded from
“ whom he had his information—My
“ countenance was so frantic, to which my
“ voice was so correspondent, that Wal-
“ stein was alarmed.

“ In the name of Heaven! Lindorf,”
“ said he, taking me by the hand, “ be
“ calm; dear Lindorf, recover yourself; I
“ may have been misinformed or deceiv-
“ ed; I will inquire, however, and parti-
“ cularly; that I promise; ere long I will
“ let you know from whom I received my
“ information, and whether it be or be not
“ exact. But, indeed, Lindorf,” added
“ he, in a tone of the deepest affliction,
“ you rend my very heart; there is no
“ thing I would not do, or suffer, to restore
“ you to yourself and happiness.”

“ Happiness!” said I, in a low voice;
“ happiness exists not without Louisa.”

“ The friendship, however, of the
“ Count, and his affecting and tender man-
“ ner

"ner made me somewhat more composed.
 "I fancied he had been ill informed; I
 "knew this Justin, and never had had the
 "least suspicion of him; he was a poor or-
 "phan, whose sole advantage seemed to be
 "a good person hid under a dress so mean
 "that it was an attestation of his extreme
 "poverty. Educated by charity in the
 "parish, he had been made shepherd to
 "the village. I had often heard speak of
 "the activity, honesty, zeal, and even
 "courage with which he did the duties of
 "his place; the flocks all prospered
 "under his care, and he knew how to cure
 "most of their diseases; he could defend
 "them, likewise, and had, already, killed
 "several wolves which came to attack
 "them. The country people vaunted of
 "his talents. He worked prettily in osier,
 "and carved with his knife, for he had no
 "other tool; his voice was fine, and he
 "played exceedingly well on the flageolet,
 "untaught, except by nature, and perhaps
 "love. I had often, while out a-shooting,
 "stopped to listen to him; but never had
 "it entered my imagination that the poor
 "shepherd, Justin, could be my rival.
 "Louisa had appeared to me so very
 "much above him; though, indeed, to
 "me, she had appeared above the whole
 "world.

“ world. Yet, led now to reflect on these
“ circumstances, I could not help remem-
“ bering their birth was equal, and a tri-
“ fling difference of wealth the only dis-
“ tinction. Justin, too, was a handsome
“ lad, and I well recollected that, in my
“ continual visits at the farm, I had often
“ met Justin and his flock in the vicinity;
“ but he was always with them, and never
“ had I seen him at the farm; nay, I had
“ often spoken of his songs and flageolet to
“ Louisa and her father, but they always
“ had appeared not to pay the least atten-
“ tion.

“ Thus by turns, tortured and relieved, I
“ knew not what to think; though a rival
“ like Justin was too humiliating not to
“ make me endeavour to doubt. No soon-
“ er was I alone than I called for Fritz, who,
“ intimate with his sister, and very often at
“ his father’s, ought to know something of
“ this affair. I interrogated him, very se-
“ riously, concerning Justin, his intercourse
“ with Louisa, their pretended love for each
“ other, and the secrecy with which it had
“ been kept from me.

“ At first, he appeared greatly confused;
“ but, afterwards, denied every thing;
“ spoke of poor Justin with the utmost con-
“ tempt, assured me his sister thought like
“ him,

“ him, and would be exceedingly offended
 “ at such reports; and concluded by asking
 “ me from whom I could hear such a false-
 “ hood. I had the imprudence to name the
 “ Count !

“ My Lord, the Count,” answered Fritz,
 “ shaking his head, “ knows very well what
 “ he is about ; he takes care not to tell you
 “ it is he himself who loves Louisa ; and
 “ that this very morning——but one must
 “ not tell all one knows.”

“ He pretended to be going to leave the
 “ room; but I commanded him to stay, and,
 “ after pressing him repeatedly, he told me
 “ that, ever since the first day I had brought
 “ the Count to the farm, he had become
 “ passionately in love with Louisa ; that,
 “ while I kept my chamber, not a single
 “ day had passed on which the Count had
 “ not come to the farm, and endeavoured
 “ to seduce her by the most flattering and
 “ advantageous offers ; nay, that very morn-
 “ ing, that he, Fritz, had caught him with
 “ her, and that the Count had tried to
 “ bribe him to secrecy. “ Perhaps,” added
 “ Fritz, “ I should have said nothing, be-
 “ cause, to be sure, I don’t like to vex my
 “ Lord ; but since I see he wishes to scan-
 “ dalize my sister, by pretending to talk of
 “ her loving a beggar, like Justin, I can no
 “ longer

“longer hold my tongue. To be sure, I
“would wish to consult my Lord thereup-
“on ; for, though I know Louisa is a very
“virtuous body, and that she loves my
“Lord too much to love any body else,
“yet who can answer for these young girls?
“My Lord the Count is so rich and so
“pressing ; and, besides, he is his own mas-
“ter ; he has neither father nor mother,
“and these are plaguy great temptations.
“Then, if he should go about to run off
“with her, for he loves her so desperately
“that he would do any thing to get her,
“would it not be better for us to be before-
“hand with him ? If my Lord pleases, we
“will put her out of his reach in a twink-
“ling ; for my part, I have always said,
“and always shall say, I would rather my
“Lord had her than any body else.”

“My agitation while Fritz was speak-
“ing was excessive ; I walked, or rather
“strode, about my chamber, not knowing
“what to think of the Count ; my esteem
“for him was so rooted that I could not
“persuade myself he might be guilty of
“such perfidy. Were what I heard true,
“his persuasive, his affecting, his powerful
“eloquence, which seemed the effusion of
“the purest friendship, would have been no-
“thing more than deceitful artifice to re-
“move

“ move me from Louisa, and snatch from
 “ me this object of my adoration. I could
 “ not support the horrible idea ; it appear-
 “ ed wholly incompatible with the known
 “ character of the Count, and, sternly look-
 “ ing at Fritz, I commanded him to leave
 “ my presence, and no longer insult my
 “ friend by falsehoods totally undeserving
 “ belief.

“ I did more, I intended to go to Wal-
 “ stein, and undisguisedly inform him of
 “ what I had heard ; certain that a single
 “ word from him would presently efface
 “ every remaining trait of suspicion. I
 “ went ; but I found my father with him,
 “ who did not leave us the whole evening,
 “ and before whom such a conversation was
 “ impossible. Theirs turned on the duties
 “ of society, morality, and true honour.
 “ The Count said many things, on these sub-
 “ jects, so strong, with such natural con-
 “ viction, expressed himself with such a
 “ noble energy of mind, and such a purity
 “ of heart, that I inwardly blushed for
 “ having a moment doubted of his virtue,
 “ and promised myself never to doubt more.
 “ I resolved, likewise, not to speak to him
 “ on the subject ; for to suspect a man like
 “ him of such an action, I was convinced,
 “ was equally foolish and disgraceful. Be-
 “ side,

“ side, to have mentioned it I must, in some
“ measure, have made my footman his ac-
“ cuser, which was too degrading ; I was,
“ therefore, determined to be silent myself,
“ and to make Fritz silent also, whom a
“ false zeal for my service might have de-
“ ceived.

“ But, while repelling from my memory
“ all his accusations against the Count, I
“ still was resolved to profit by his assistance
“ in carrying off his sister. I admired the
“ principles of Walstein without the power
“ of imitating them ; or, rather, I wilfully
“ shut my eyes on the consequences of the
“ act. I imagined my benefactions would
“ console the aged Joffelin. Madman, that I
“ was !—as if gold could console a father for
“ the loss of his child ; and a child, too,
“ like Louisa. But I was incapable of rea-
“ son. Fatal and terrible effect of the pas-
“ sions, how much are they to be feared,
“ since they can lead a naturally upright and
“ virtuous heart thus dreadfully astray !

“ Walstein came the next morning to my
“ chamber before I was up ; he was dressed
“ and booted. “ Lindorf,” said he, “ I
“ am going to the village to meet my ser-
“ jeant and examine my recruits. I do not
“ ask you to go with me, because I intend to
“ call at the farm. I want to speak with
“ Joffelin.

"Joffelin. After your scene of yesterday, I
 "suppose both you and Louisa would be
 "equally embarrassed in the presence of a
 "third person; and I inform you that I am
 "going," added he, smiling, "in order
 "that, should you once more escape from
 "yourself, you may not be once more sur-
 "prised." After affectionately pressing my
 "hand, he left me.

"This visit to the farm, of which he
 "spoke so openly, ought rather to have
 "removed than confirmed my fears. He
 "could not know what Fritz had been say-
 "ing to me; therefore, there could be no
 "insidious mystery; and yet I was very un-
 "easy; tormented by suspicions of I know
 "not what; suspicions which, notwithstand-
 "ing, I could not wholly subdue. I rang
 "my bell, Fritz was not to be found, but
 "one of my father's servants came in his
 "stead; he was a native of the village,
 "where he went every day, and I asked
 "him, with all the indifference I could as-
 "sume, whether the serjeant of Walslein
 "was there, recruiting. He answered in
 "the affirmative, and, moreover, that one
 "of his own brothers was enlisted; as, like-
 "wise, was that Justin who the Count
 "had pretended was the favoured lover of
 "Louisa. "My Lord the Count," said
 "he,

“ he, “ is so good a nobleman, and so
“ kind an officer, that all the young men
“ wish to serve under him.”

“ This simple panegyric made me blush
“ at my own doubts ; tranquil, therefore,
“ respecting the Count and this Justin, I
“ thought of nothing but carrying off
“ Louisa, and living and dying for her.
“ This idea was for ever fermenting in my
“ head and my heart ; and, at twenty, when
“ devoured by a passion so unconquerable,
“ youth is not apt at imagining reasons
“ which should counteract it, nor at fore-
“ seeing difficulties ; seconded by Fritz,
“ all things appeared possible, and I waited
“ for him, with impatience, that we might
“ hold consultation together. Fritz, how-
“ ever, came not, and the Count returned.
“ Wholly occupied by my own projects,
“ and held in restraint by his presence, he
“ observed the difference of my manner,
“ and very unaffectedly told me so. I saw
“ he wished to penetrate my thoughts, and,
“ unwilling to deceive him more than ne-
“ cessary, I spoke as little as possible, yet
“ enough to let him understand I persisted
“ in the design I had mentioned the even-
“ ing before.

“ After dinner, he left me, as he said, to
“ go to his apartment and write some let-
“ ters ;

“ters; and, after they were finished, we
 “were to ride out together. Anxious to
 “take advantage of the moment, the only
 “one, perhaps, I should have to myself, I
 “would have instantly flown to Louisa to
 “have obtained her so much desired con-
 “sent to go off with me; but I might find
 “her father with her, and my going would
 “have been fruitless. A letter, therefore,
 “which I could privately convey to her,
 “would remove this inconvenience, and I
 “immediately sat down to write. The
 “disorder of my mind was visible in every
 “line. My propositions of flight were re-
 “newed; eternal love was vowed; pro-
 “mises of compliance to all her wishes re-
 “peated and sworn to with all the exag-
 “gerations of passion. I requested an an-
 “swer, and referred her to her brother for
 “our mutual arrangement.

“I had folded up my letter, and was got
 “to the door, when Fritz, whom I had not
 “seen all day, entered my chamber, hastily.
 “You, yesterday, Sir,” said he, “treated
 “me as an impostor. Where do you sup-
 “pose my Lord the Count this moment
 “is?”

“My blood instantly ran cold——“In
 “his own chamber,” answered I. “Why
 “that question?”

“Not

“Not in his own chamber, but in my
“sister’s, where I just have seen him with
“my own eyes.”

“Take care what you say——Walstein!
“——Impossible!”

“You may convince yourself, Sir; only
“go, and you will find him, either there or
“in the garden, waiting for Louisa, for she
“was not at home, nor my father either.
“The Count sent a boy to seek Louisa,
“instantly; I heard him, he did not see
“me, and came, immediately, to tell you,
“Sir, that you may be convinced I am no
“liar.”

“As Fritz proceeded, my rage increased,
“till it was soon ungovernable. To be
“imposed upon with so much perfidy and
“baseness!—— And by whom? By the man
“I venerated, the man in the world I most
“respected, and the friend to whom I had
“confided the secrets of my soul!——I sent
“Fritz away, and, almost mechanically,
“seized my pistols, loaded them with ball
“without perceiving they were loaded be-
“fore, and, putting them in my pocket,
“went out with a fury that approached
“madness, and was presently within sight
“of the farm.

“It was necessary to pass by the far end
“of the garden, where, the hedge being
“low,

“low, I saw the Count, impatiently walk-
 “ing, and incessantly looking towards the
 “garden door, which was opposite to where
 “I stopped. Before I had time to deter-
 “mine how it was proper for me to act,
 “the garden door opened, and Louisa, the
 “timid, the modest Louisa, from whom I
 “never could obtain the smallest favour,
 “ran, with open arms, to the Count, who
 “opened his to receive her, kissed his
 “hands, pressed them between hers, and
 “on him fixed her fine eyes, sparkling with
 “love and pleasure.

“I scarcely know how I recovered, for
 “I felt as if I had received the stroke of
 “death. A cold, a mortal cold, froze up
 “my blood; my strength abandoned me,
 “and I was obliged to support myself by
 “leaning against a tree. Rage presently
 “again brought me to life; again my eyes
 “were cast towards the fatal garden; the
 “lovers, for I no longer doubted they were
 “so, were expressing themselves with all
 “the warmth of sensibility; the counte-
 “nance of Walstein shone, as it were, with
 “bliss, and never had I beheld it so illu-
 “minated. I could not hear their discourse,
 “but, by their gestures, it seemed as if he
 “ardently entreated something which Louisa

“ feebly refused. At last, the Count took
“ out a purse, which appeared full of gold,
“ presented it, which, after another mo-
“ ment’s hesitation, Louisa received with a
“ half confused half tender air.

“ The Count kissed her, and both toge-
“ ther re-entered the house, just at the very
“ moment I was going to leap the hedge,
“ and perhaps immolate two victims to
“ revenge. I was no longer master of my
“ actions, and should certainly have taken
“ away my own life, if I had not imme-
“ diately seen the Count leave the farm,
“ with all the tranquillity of innocence and
“ virtue, which I interpreted into the tri-
“ umph of successful love.

“ Defend thyself,” said I, “ traitor,” run-
“ ning up to him with my pistols; present-
“ ing him the handle of one and the muzzle
“ of the other to his heart; “ Deprive me
“ of the life which thou hast rendered mi-
“ serable, or let me rid the world of a per-
“ fidious monster!”

“ He would have laid hold of my arm,
“ and have spoken to me. “ I will hear
“ nothing,” said I, “ defend yourself! I am
“ capable of any mischief!”

“ So saying, I clapped the mouth of my
“ pistol to my own forehead. Happy,
“ most

“ most happy, had I been had I drawn the
 “ trigger ! But the Count prevented me,
 “ and, taking the pistol—“ You are deter-
 “ mined,” said he ; then, drawing back a
 “ few paces, fired it in the air. Mine was
 “ discharged at the same moment ; but
 “ mine (for ever cursed be that moment !)
 “ took a fatal, an abhorred direction. I
 “ saw my friend stagger, and fall, bathed in
 “ his own blood, and saying, “ Alas ! poor
 “ Lindorf ! when you shall know—Ah ! how
 “ much more will you be to be pitied than I !”

“ All my rage instantly vanished. I
 “ cast the murderous pistol from me ;
 “ and, running up to my friend, endea-
 “ voured, with my handkerchief, to stop
 “ the blood that bubbled from the wound.
 “ One ball had struck him on the face, and,
 “ he said, he thought he felt a wound in
 “ the knee, but was convinced that neither
 “ of them was mortal. I dragged him to
 “ the tree, and placed him against it, where
 “ I gave him all the succour in my power ;
 “ for I was so totally beside myself that I
 “ had even forgot the farm, which was not
 “ forty paces distant. I remembered not
 “ so much as the cause of this miserable
 “ affair ; at that moment of horror the
 “ danger of Walslein was all I remember-
 “ ed : I kneeled behind him ; he leaned

“against my breast, and, notwithstanding
“the universal tremor of my limbs, I
“bound up his wound with our two hand-
“kerchiefs.

“No sooner had I finished, than recol-
“lection suddenly returned. “Oh God,”
“said I, “Wretch! accursed wretch that
“I am! it is I who have committed this
“dreadful, this murderous act.” My groans
“could not find utterance. I hid my face
“in the dust, and added nothing but inar-
“ticate cries and exclamations.

“Lindorf,” said the poor wounded Wal-
“stein, “Dear Lindorf, be calm, listen to
“me. There is one way, still, of repair-
“ing your wrongs, of preserving, nay,
“even, of augmenting my friendship.
“Yes, dearer shall you be to me than ever,
“if you will pledge your honour to per-
“form what I am going to request.”

“I had no doubt but it was to renounce
“Louisa; but the atrocious crime I had
“committed had wrought so instant a re-
“volution in my feelings that I did not
“hesitate a moment to promise, by the
“most sacred oaths, to perform all he
“should require.

“Well, then,” said the most generous
“of men, “I require, absolutely, without
“reserve,

“ reserve, that this affair, for ever, remain
 “ a secret between you and me; happily,
 “ no one has seen us; let me tell the story
 “ my own way; and, beware, Lindorf,
 “ how thou contradictest me. Thou hast
 “ sworn, and, I repeat, on this condition,
 “ only, can I pardon and love thee still. A
 “ sole word will for ever deprive thee of
 “ my friendship.”

“ I would have spoken, but sobs and
 “ groans prevented me. I could only take
 “ his hand and press it to my heart, which
 “ was rent by the most cruel remorse. In
 “ despite of all my cares the wound con-
 “ tinued to bleed; Walstein, with my aid,
 “ endeavoured to rise, but he soon perceiv-
 “ ed the wound in his knee was much
 “ worse than he had supposed. One of
 “ the balls had taken a different direction,
 “ and, we feared, the knee-pan was wound-
 “ ed, for he could not bear the least weight
 “ on it, but again sunk down on the
 “ ground.

“ I detested, I cursed, I prayed, I al-
 “ most shrieked with agony, I prostrated
 “ myself at the feet of my friend, while he
 “ continued to yield me every consola-
 “ tion.

“ At last said he, “ Go to the farm,
“ and endeavour to get assistance ; you
“ will there find a proof that I was not, as
“ you have supposed, the basest of men.
“ Go, but remember your oath ; if you
“ break it, I never will see you more.”

“ I could not reply, but ran to the
“ farm, and, as I precipitately entered,
“ immediately beheld an explanation of
“ the conduct of Walstein, and irrefragable
“ reasons for holding my own in still more
“ utter, more damnable abhorrence ! O !
“ pardon—Mine was the guilt of fiends !
“ The shepherd, Justin, new clothed, was
“ seated beside Louisa, holding one of her
“ hands between his, while she was leaning
“ on his shoulder, and looking up at him
“ with every speaking sensation that ten-
“ derness and happiness could inspire. The
“ old man, Josselin, sat opposite to them,
“ contemplating a scene so affecting to the
“ heart, and holding the purse the Count
“ had given Louisa, and which I had sup-
“ posed the price of her dishonour. On
“ the table was another, equally large.
“ Every circumstance was a dagger to my
“ heart, and, insensate as I had been, de-
“ voured by passion, I can solemnly attest
“ that

“that remorse, bitter, inexpressible, and almost intolerable, was the only feeling of which I was conscious, or capable.

“Oh! my friends,” said I, as I entered; “come with me, fly to succour the Count; he is here, just by, wounded; come, instantly.” My sudden appearance, my paleness, the blood on my clothes, and the intelligence I brought, were each a subject of terror.—“Good God!” exclaimed Louisa and Justin, “our dear benefactor wounded!”

“I led them to the place where I had left the Count. Pain, and the loss of blood, had so enfeebled him that he was almost insensible. Louisa ran for water, and vinegar. He came a little to himself, and, with difficulty, related that a pistol, with which he had been amusing himself, having burst as he fired it, had occasioned all this disaster, and that my coming by was the effect of chance.

“It was necessary to bear him to the Chateau, and Justin flew to the farm, and brought back a kind of hurdle, and a mattress, on which he was laid. Justin, in the prime of youth, and animated by gratitude, not, like me, weighed down by guilt, was most useful and active.

“Louisa and her aged father gave us all
“the assistance in their power, and we
“began our march. It was long, and
“most painful ; and, as we proceeded, se-
“veral things that Justin and Louisa said
“to each other gave me to understand
“they had long been lovers, and that the
“Count, that very day, had removed every
“obstacle to their union, by giving Justin
“a considerable farm, at his estate of Wal-
“stein, under the sole condition that they
“should marry, immediately depart, and
“that Josselin should go with them.

“Criminal, indeed, most criminal, did
“this relation make me ; but my passion
“for Louisa was so perfectly cured by this
“dreadful event, that I heard, even with
“a kind of horrid pleasure, she was to be
“gone, and that I should see her no more !

“We arrived, at length, at the Chateau ;
“and the hurdle being placed in the hall,
“and servants called to assist, my first care
“was to take a horse, and ride, with all
“possible speed, to the next town in search
“of surgeons. It was more than three
“leagues distant. I made, however, so
“much haste that I returned with them
“by dusk. I found every person in the
“most fearful consternation. The manner

“ in

“ in which my father received me, tender-
 “ ly embracing me, melting in tears, and
 “ praising my zeal, proved that he was to-
 “ tally ignorant of the part I had had in
 “ this dreadful affair. His despair was
 “ such that, had he known it, he certainly
 “ could not have survived such tenfold
 “ addition of misery. The recollection
 “ of this, more than my oath, kept me
 “ silent; but I may truly say the silence
 “ was a burthen to my heart, and that
 “ nothing could so effectually have given
 “ it ease as to have proclaimed my guilt,
 “ and thus have rendered me as detestable
 “ to the whole world as I was to myself.

“ The surgeon, after the operation of
 “ extracting the balls, and probing the
 “ wounds of Walstein, declared they were
 “ not mortal, but that, it was to be feared,
 “ he would lose one eye; and the use of his
 “ leg; and they even spoke of amputation.
 “ The Count, who somewhat doubted of
 “ their skill, resolutely opposed this, and
 “ sustained, with fortitude almost incredi-
 “ ble, the dressing of the wounds, and the
 “ afflicting intelligence they had commu-
 “ nicated. I could not support being pre-
 “ sent; but, when the surgeons had done,
 “ I again entered his chamber, and solemn-

“ly swore never to quit it but in company
“with Walstein. I know not how it hap-
“pened that my excessive grief did not
“betray our secret. It was, indeed, most
“profound. My tears flowed continually;
“while the suffering victim of my hateful
“crime unceasingly endeavoured to calm
“and comfort me. He said, and protest-
“ed, that he looked on the event as fortu-
“nate; that his inclination and abili-
“ties had always rather led him to study
“than to a military life; that he had de-
“voted himself to the latter in obedience
“to his father and his king; and that he
“should be exceedingly glad of so fair a
“pretext to forsake it, and yield to his love
“of literature and political and legislative
“researches. “Beside,” added he, “you
“are now cured of your passion; the re-
“medy, it is true, has been somewhat
“violent, but it has had its effect, and I
“most unfeignedly return Heaven thanks
“for all that has passed.”

“Yes, it had had its effects; but I
“should ill deserve the sublime friendship
“of Walstein if I did not lament and
“execrate them everlastingly. I was cur-
“ed of my love; for, three weeks after
“this misfortune had happened, I heard,
“without the least emotion, unless it were
“an

“an emotion of joy, from the mouth of
 “Justin, who came every day to inquire
 “concerning the health of his benenefac-
 “tor, that he had married Louisa, and
 “that they were ready to depart for their
 “new habitation.

“The Count now entered circumstan-
 “tially on that subject: delicacy had, hi-
 “therto, kept him silent; but, solicited by
 “me, he informed me that the morrow
 “after the visit we had together paid at
 “the farm, alarmed by the violence of my
 “passion, he most seriously reflected on
 “the means of avoiding effects so fatal;
 “that his serjeant brought him a young
 “man whom he had just enlisted; this was
 “the poor Justin; his handsome person,
 “intelligent countenance, and profound
 “melancholy, gained the attention of the
 “Count, and he questioned him concern-
 “ing what induced him to enlist. The
 “sincere and simple Justin did not endea-
 “vour to disguise his motives.—Passionate-
 “ly enamoured of Louisa, her lover for
 “several years, but without the least ray
 “of hope, rejected by Josselin, menaced
 “by Fritz, he wished only to die; but he
 “wished to die like a brave fellow, com-
 “bating the enemies of his King.—I
 K 6 “should

“ should die all the same,” said he, “ with
“ grief at seeing Louisa the wife of ano-
“ ther ; and this misfortune must be mine,
“ for her father has sworn I shall never be
“ her husband.”

“ The Count asked him if he were be-
“ loved by Louisa. “ To be sure, I cer-
“ tainly am,” answered he ; “ if I were not,
“ I might not, perhaps, have been true to
“ her for so long a time. But, poor dear
“ Louisa ! I yesterday saw her never to see
“ her again, and we both wept so much
“ at parting that we thought we should have
“ died with grief.”

“ I recollect, dear Lindorf,” said the
“ Count, “ that when you first took me
“ to see Louisa her melancholy struck us
“ both.”

“ But, I hope,” continued Justin, “ that,
“ when I am gone, Louisa will be less un-
“ happy ; her father, and her brother in
“ particular, ill treat her every day on my
“ account ; and that is the reason why I am
“ determined to become a soldier. I wish,
“ indeed indeed I do, she may forget me ;
“ but her I shall never forget ; no never
“ never to my dying day.”

“ Walstein was extremely affected by
“ the sincerity, honest intentions, and pas-
“ sion

“ sion of Justin; and instantly conceived
 “ the project of rendering two lovers hap-
 “ py, and rescuing me from the worst of
 “ dangers. He mentioned nothing of his
 “ intentions to Justin, being first desirous
 “ to speak to Louisa and know if he had
 “ told him the exact truth. He went twice
 “ to the farm before he could find her
 “ alone, but watched his opportunity so
 “ well that at last he spoke to her in pri-
 “ vate. He had little difficulty in bring-
 “ ing her to confess her love for Justin; her
 “ heart was full of nothing else; and she
 “ had done nothing but weep since he had
 “ enlisted. She was desirous of recom-
 “ mending him to the Count; and, there-
 “ fore, glad of finding him alone, she told
 “ him their love for each other had com-
 “ menced long before the death of her mo-
 “ ther; that ever since she had each day
 “ gone to meet him at the pasturage, and
 “ Justin had taught himself to play on the
 “ flageolet, purposely that he might not
 “ only give her the signal to come and join
 “ him, but accompany her likewise when
 “ she sung. To gain her favour, also, he had
 “ learned to make basket-work, spinning-
 “ wheels, bobbins, to twine the osier, and to
 “ carve in wood. Louisa shewed the Count
 “ two

“ two little groups of his sculpture exceed-
“ ingly well carved, the one representing
“ Louisa, and the other Justin himself
“ seated at her feet; both the figures were
“ sufficiently like to be known. In ano-
“ ther carving, still better executed, the
“ young shepherd was combating a large
“ wolf; for it was for the sake of Louisa,
“ also, that he had first given proofs of
“ his courage, by killing the wolf which
“ was bearing off one of the sheep of Jos-
“ feline.

“ How might the tender and grateful
“ Louisa refuse yielding her heart to him
“ who so well had merited the gift! “ Yes,
“ my Lord,” said she, to the Count, with
“ all the enthusiasm of sensibility, “ I love
“ him with my whole soul, and shall for
“ ever love him, though I never should see
“ him more.—One hope, alas, we had, one
“ sole hope. I often said to Justin, when
“ he bewailed his poverty, “ Be comforted,
“ dear Justin, only wait till our young
“ master returns, he will speak for us to
“ his father, and, I am well persuaded, will
“ have us married. Our young master is
“ returned, but—

“ Louisa stopped—“ Finish what you
“ had to say,” said the Count.—“ I very
“ well

“ well perceive,” said she, blushing, and
 “ looking down, “ I was wrong; and I
 “ should even be very sorry, at present, if
 “ he knew I loved Justin; for my brother
 “ has assured me he would kill him, im-
 “ mediately. When Justin is out of his
 “ reach, I then will tell him, the first time
 “ I see him; and, if he wishes to kill one
 “ of us, let it be me.”

“ Walstein comforted Louisa, promised
 “ her she should soon be happy, that Justin
 “ belonged to him, at present; he might
 “ dispose of him, and he would make him
 “ the husband of Louisa. Scarcely could
 “ she believe what she heard, and the very
 “ hope appeared but like a dream. Wal-
 “ stein, however, assured her it should be
 “ realized, immediately, for that he had
 “ spoken to Justin, and that he would di-
 “ rectly speak to Josselin.

“ It was that very day, dear Lindorf,”
 “ continued the Count, “ when, after
 “ having arranged every thing with the
 “ young shepherd, after having enjoyed
 “ the purest of pleasures, and spoken to
 “ Josselin concerning the marriage of his
 “ children, that I found you kneeling to
 “ Louisa. The poor girl, conscious of
 “ what I had been doing, and who was
 “ waiting

“ waiting for me with all the impatience
“ of love, was exceedingly ashamed of
“ being surprised with you in that manner.
“ I confess, I, also, was disconcerted, inso-
“ much that I scarcely could conceal my
“ feelings; which, perhaps, first gave rise
“ to your suspicions. I myself was not free
“ from them; I was fearful lest Louisa had
“ deceived both Justin and me; lest you
“ and she understood each other; and,
“ anxious to know the truth, questioned
“ you. Your answer was but half satisfac-
“ tory; it, however, convinced me of the
“ great danger you were in, and that, at all
“ events, it was necessary to tear from you
“ the object of that passion to which you
“ were ready to sacrifice every moral
“ duty. You may remember, Lindorf,
“ I, in part, informed you of the love of
“ Justin for Louisa; imagining that, per-
“ haps, your passion would decrease if you
“ knew the love of Louisa was divided.
“ Had you received this intelligence with
“ more moderation, I then should have
“ told you all; but your phrensy was too
“ visible. Reason had lost every hold over
“ your mind, and your actions had some-
“ what convulsive about them that made
“ me shudder. I saw this was not the pro-
“ per

“ per opportunity to proceed further. I
 “ had said too much, and all I had to do
 “ was to smother the fire I had kindled.

“ I, therefore, endeavoured to calm your
 “ mind, bring you to yourself, and pro-
 “ mised to make farther inquiries; hoping,
 “ thereby, to gain time for Louisa and
 “ Justin to depart, and thus prevent your
 “ rash project of marriage or elopement.
 “ In order to hasten the wedding, I went
 “ the next morning to Joffelin; after hav-
 “ ing told you where I was going, pur-
 “ posely that you might not come and in-
 “ terrupt our conversation. I was alone
 “ with Louisa only for a moment, but this
 “ was enough to convince me of the wrong
 “ I had done her, by suspecting any con-
 “ certed treachery between her and you.
 “ The idea had tormented her all night,
 “ and her inquietude, grief, and ingenuous
 “ answers removed every remaining doubt.

“ She left the room as her father en-
 “ tered. I spoke first of my recruits;
 “ and, taking out the list, read over their
 “ names. When I came to that of Justin,
 “ I saw the old man was highly pleased.
 —“ Ah!” said he, “ is that knave en-
 “ listed? Heaven be praised! We shall
 “ now be rid of him.”

“ Knave !”

“Knave! what knave, Joffelin?” said
“I. “I will have no knaves in my regi-
“ment; and I will give him his discharge.”
“Oh! do not do so, by any means, my
“Lord,” replied Joffelin. “To be sure, I
“ought to speak with more respect before
“you, and not have called him a knave,
“for there is not an honest lad in the
“whole village, nor is the King himself a
“braver fellow. He will make nothing of
“killing you a wolf, you may suppose then
“what he would do with a man; and you
“cannot have a better soldier; but, to tell
“you the truth,” added he, lowering his
“voice, “he has taken it into his head to
“fall in love with our Louisa, and the poor
“little fool, with consent or without con-
“sent, would fain marry him; a fellow
“without a shilling, educated by charity;
“but, no, I would rather follow her to the
“grave. God be praised! He must, now,
“soon leave the country, and I hope we
“shall never hear of him more. And,
“yet, it is a pity too; for he took great
“care of all our flocks, he saved me a fine
“sheep; and the lad wants neither courage
“nor ingenuity——If it was not for that
“devilish love.”

“And do you not wish to marry Louisa,
“to

“to console her for the absence of Justin?”

“Ah! would to Heaven she was married! Girls are nothing but torment. I no sooner find myself relieved, on one hand, than I am attacked, on the other. Our young Baron is always haunting, now, about the house: so long as she had her Justin she was well guarded. I did not stand on ceremony with him; but, at present, I do not know what may happen; for I cannot forbid my young master my house as I did Justin; and, then, one cannot always be at home. I should be happy if I could but see her once well settled, but there is not the least appearance of it. The people of our village are all poor, and Louisa is not rich.”

“Well, Josselin, if you consent, I myself will marry her to one of my farmers; an honest young man and above want. He possesses a good grass farm, on my estate at Walstein; some days journey from this place; larger, I believe, than this of yours; and, as I esteem him very much, I will give him a purse of fifty ducats, on the wedding day, and a much to your daughter, to defray the expense.”

“pence of the nuptials, and begin house-
“keeping. If you think this a proper
“match, say so, and it is a bargain.”

“Joffelin, all amazement, would have
“fallen prostrate. “A proper match! my
“Lord,” said he; “I cannot forbear weep-
“ing with joy and gratitude. All my fear
“is lest he should not fancy Louisa; and if
“he should hear of her love for Justin”—

“Fear nothing, he will not be jealous.
“Justin is his friend, and the more Louisa
“shall love her husband the happier will
“Justin be.”

“The good old Joffelin opened his
“eyes, staring, as it were, after the mean-
“ing of what I had said. An explana-
“tion, therefore, was necessary; and this
“threw him into still greater astonishment.
“But he the more joyfully confirmed his
“consent, because his daughter, by this
“means, would be happy.

“The only thing I stipulated for was
“that they should immediately depart for
“my farm; and to this there was no ob-
“jection. Joffelin proposed even to re-
“move himself, and live with his children.
“I desired him to inform Louisa of what
“had passed, and left him to go down to
“the village. I there gave Justin his dis-
“charge,

“ charge, signed the gift of the farm, and
 “ left him the purse of fifty ducats which I
 “ had promised. After this I returned to
 “ you. Your air and manner, sometimes
 “ absent, sometimes agitated, sentences
 “ half pronounced, and the disappearance
 “ of Fritz, who had been away from the
 “ castle all night and all day; these, col-
 “ lectively, made me fear you had con-
 “ certed some project; the execution of
 “ which might, perhaps, be more prompt
 “ than I suspected.

“ I resolved, therefore, to hasten the
 “ marriage, and the departure of the
 “ young people, as much as possible; and,
 “ for this purpose, I again returned to the
 “ farm. This was the only injunction I
 “ had to lay on them, for the benefits al-
 “ ready conferred, and the purse I in-
 “ tended to present to Louisa.

“ What followed, dear Lindorf, I need
 “ not relate. You know how much you
 “ were deceived by appearances. Louisa
 “ had been, all the day, at the village with
 “ a relation, in order, most likely, to avoid
 “ another visit from you. Her father, im-
 “ patient to inform her of her happiness,
 “ had gone in search of her. They had
 “ met the happy Justin, who came along
 “ with

“ with them; he had shewn them all his
“ treasure. A boy, whom I had sent in
“ search of Louisa, told her I was waiting
“ for her; she, unable to repress the first
“ emotions of her joy, ran, out of breath,
“ to testify her gratitude in the man-
“ ner by which you were so cruelly de-
“ ceived.

“ Yes, Lindorf, I can imagine myself in
“ your place, during this terrible moment;
“ can suppose all the dreadful ideas and
“ sensations by which you were assaulted.
“ Surely, you cannot doubt, then, that I
“ can forgive you. A little more openness
“ on my part, a little less passion on yours,
“ and this misfortune had never happen-
“ ed; and, let me add, it will be no real
“ misfortune to me so long as you shall re-
“ main unsuspected of being in any man-
“ ner an accessory.”

“ This recital was made at various times,
“ as his strength permitted, and continual-
“ ly excited in my bosom the most painful
“ remorse. I listened, and, in my turn,
“ informed the Count how entirely that
“ vile fellow Fritz had deceived me. I
“ never saw him since the fatal day on
“ which he disappeared from the chateau,
“ and I learned from his father he had
“ lifted

“ lifted for a soldier ; since when I have
 “ never heard of him more.

“ The day after these fearful events, my
 “ father thought it his duty to go himself
 “ to Berlin and inform the King ; and,
 “ leaving Walsstein to my care, he under-
 “ took this melancholy journey. The King
 “ was most sensibly affected when he was
 “ told, and immediately sent his own sur-
 “ geons to Ronebourg, informing my fa-
 “ ther he would come himself as soon as
 “ Walsstein should be out of danger. The
 “ surgeons of Berlin confirmed all the
 “ others had said ; except that they hoped
 “ the wound of the knee would be less pre-
 “ judicial than had been supposed, and that
 “ the Count might preserve his leg, though
 “ he certainly would be somewhat lame.

“ I had a bed brought into his chamber,
 “ never leaving him a moment day or
 “ night, and incessantly endeavouring, by
 “ attention and care, to prove how deeply
 “ I repented ; and Walsstein seemed as sen-
 “ sible of, and as grateful for, these my
 “ attentions as if I had not been the person
 “ who occasioned him to stand in need of
 “ them. To amuse and divert his mind I
 “ read to him, as soon as the surgeons
 “ would permit me. Till then, my youth,
 “ vivacity,

“ vivacity, want of thought, and the fatal
“ passion I had conceived for Louisa, had
“ prevented my application to study. I
“ now learned the charms of this kind of
“ occupation, which communicates know-
“ ledge, amends the heart, and ornaments
“ the mind. I could easily perceive that,
“ in his choice of books, his purpose was
“ rather my instruction, and a wish to give
“ me a taste for reading, than his own
“ amusement. When I had ended, he
“ made the most just and profound reflec-
“ tions on what had been read; which, to
“ me, were so many rays of light. When-
“ ever the subject happened to be the
“ duties of a soldier, he described them
“ with energy, proved how they were com-
“ patible with morality and true honour,
“ and how far courage might be allied to
“ humanity and sensibility.

“ Excellent Walstein! If, at present, I
“ have any virtues, to thee am I indebted
“ for them. Thou hast made me such as
“ I am, and the two months I lived in thy
“ chamber, after a crime for which any
“ other man would have held me in ever-
“ lasting abhorrence, and have been ap-
“ peased only by my blood, by thy be-
“ nevolence and wisdom I gained more
“ knowledge,

“knowledge, and was better taught the
“duties of man, than by all my preceding
“education.”

We have forbore to interrupt a narrative so interesting by any remarks on what the feelings of Caroline were; and our reason for this forbearance was, that every reader might judge from his own heart, and imagine the passages at which the manuscript was laid down or taken up; or where it dropt from the hands of the wife of Walsstein; those at which her heart palpitated more or less, or where some strong exclamation was involuntarily uttered. It is very certain, however, that she did not read thus far without interruption; and, moreover, that, at this particular place, an emotion, prompt and instinctive, made her snatch up the box. She only half opened it, and shut it again, with a kind of respectful fear, as if it had been profaned by her looks: after which, laying it close to her elbow, she again took up the manuscript.

“A month after the accident, the King,
“learning that his favourite could rise,
“came to Ronebourg, with few attend-
“ants. Walsstein, then, presented me,
“for the first time; and the King gave
“me assurances of his good will and fu-
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“ture protection. Alas! what was my
“confusion, what my shame, when I heard
“him praising me for the proofs of friend-
“ship I had given, on this melancholy oc-
“casion, and the uninterrupted attention I
“had paid the Count! Had it not been for
“my father’s presence and the recollection
“of the pangs he must have suffered, I
“really believe, I should have fallen at his
“feet, have confessed how little I deserved
“his eulogiums, and have owned the
“whole enormity of my guilt.

“The King, after remaining a few mo-
“ments in the chamber, desired to be left
“alone with the Count. They were to-
“gether for some time. At last, my father
“was called in; and, presently afterwards,
“I, also. As I entered, I found my father
“kneeling to the King, and kissing his
“hand. “Come hither, my son,” said he;
“come, and kneel, with me, to thank the
“best of Monarchs, and the most generous
“of friends.—The Count has resigned
“his commission in the guards, and, at his
“entreaty, his Majesty has graciously be-
“stowed it on you. Lindorf! my son! if
“it be possible, merit this distinction, by
“equalling your predecessor!”

“To Walfstein I would have kneeled, in

“his bosom would have hid my confusion,
 “if I might; and so strongly was I affected,
 “that my father, thinking me half distract-
 “ed with my joy, was obliged to recall my
 “attention to the King, who raised me with
 “affability, and, like my father, exhorted
 “me to imitate the Count.

“Imitate him!” said I, approaching him,
 “and seizing his hand, which he held out
 “to me. “Is it possible for man to acquire
 “virtue so sublime? Can I, wretch!”—

“Walstein looked at me, and, immedi-
 “ately, put his hand on my mouth.

“Oh, Caroline! such is the man to
 “whom you are united; such is he to
 “whom, no doubt, you are proud, at pre-
 “sent, to appertain, and whom you are
 “now wishing to make happy—And, oh,
 “how exquisite must be his felicity! So ex-
 “quisite, that he alone, I confess, can be
 “worthy of it!

“The King departed, the same day, for
 “Berlin, and, soon after, sent me my Cap-
 “tain’s commission. At length, I found
 “myself alone with Walstein. My heart
 “was full, almost to suffocation, and I
 “wished to express some part of what I
 “felt. But, no! Expressions could not be
 “found! Words were too feeble! and I

“ could only testify my gratitude as to a
“ Deity !

“ His friendship for me seemed to in-
“ crease every day. “ Good young man,”
“ would he often say, holding out his
“ hand, when he saw me stand with my
“ eyes fixed on his wounds, “ do not sup-
“ pose these a misfortune. Believe me, for
“ it is a truth, we both are gainers ; and I,
“ especially : a friend, such as thou wilt be,
“ merits well to be purchased with the loss
“ of an eye. Had I a mistress,” added he,
“ smiling, “ perhaps, I should be less a phi-
“ losopher ; yet, such as I shall be, I do
“ not despair of finding a woman rational
“ enough to love me. Love has been the
“ cause of my misfortune, and love ought
“ to make me reparation.”

“ Behold, how just Heaven is, Caroline !
“ Love will make him reparation, and I
“ alone, as I ought, shall be unhappy.—
“ Yet, no ! I ought not, I shall not be,
“ while I am a witness of the felicity of
“ two persons so dear to my heart ! Oh !
“ that I may but accomplish the ardent
“ wish I have that these two persons, so
“ worthy, should be fully known to each
“ other !

“ As soon as he was sufficiently reco-
“ vered

“ vered to travel to Berlin, I joined my regi-
 “ ment, which lay there, and which I found
 “ most excellently disciplined. Walstein,
 “ yielding to his inclinationss, retired to
 “ continual and severe study ; which, added
 “ to want of exercise, was detrimental to
 “ his health. He became meagre, and his
 “ incessant application to reading and writ-
 “ ing gave him that stoop in the shoulders
 “ which you, no doubt, have observed ;
 “ but he had no longer pretension to beauty,
 “ and he was become passionately fond of
 “ study. The laws and policy of nations,
 “ which require knowledge so extensive,
 “ were the researches to which he was most
 “ addicted. In two or three years he was
 “ capable of undertaking the most difficult
 “ negotiations, and of filling, with the
 “ greatest dignity and success, the brilliant
 “ employment he now holds.

“ When we arrived at Berlin, he intro-
 “ duced me to his aunt, the Baroness de
 “ Zastrow, with whom the young Countess
 “ Matilda, his sister, had been brought up.
 “ Long a widow, and without children, the
 “ Baroness looked upon her niece as her
 “ daughter, and sole heiress. The Count,
 “ also, was fond of his young sister, and
 “ was as careful of her education and fu-
 “ ture

“ture happiness as the most tender father
“could have been. He had often spoken
“of her to me, at Ronebourg, and made it
“no secret that he should behold with plea-
“sure a probability of our union, and, thus,
“add another tie to friendship. I thought
“her charming, but she was scarcely thir-
“teen. She was still but a lively girl with
“whom I could play with pleasure, but
“who did not inspire the same sensations I
“had felt from the company of Louisa.

“My heart, however, being perfectly
“free, and the company I found at the
“Baroness de Zastrow’s exceedingly agree-
“able, I went there, regularly, every day;
“where I was received as the intimate
“friend of Walfstein. Matilda, particu-
“larly, took a thousand opportunities of
“doing me little favours. She called me
“her brother, and told me, laughing, she
“hardly ever saw her own, since he was
“become so ordinary and so learned; there-
“fore, she thought it was my duty to come
“in his stead. I, in the same kind of sport,
“called her my dear little sister, and be-
“haved as if she had really been so. Altho’
“she was very handsome, and daily became
“more formed, I felt no other sentiments
“for her than those of friendship, or bro-
“therly

“therly affection. The kind of beauty she
 “possessed, however seductive it might be
 “to others, was not, precisely, that which
 “I should prefer. It was neither the regu-
 “lar and striking features of Louisa, nor
 “the enchanting countenance, the look ce-
 “lestial, which penetrates the hidden sen-
 “timents of the soul, the lip of innocence,
 “the angelic voice, the——

“Another word, Caroline, and you must
 “never behold this manuscript! Let me
 “speak only of the Count, him only see,
 “think only of him; let my mind be
 “wholly occupied by that sublime idea,
 “and forget every other.

“Where was I?——Speaking, I be-
 “lieve, of the young Countess Matilda.
 “You, I suppose, have never seen her.
 “She was at Dresden when you were at
 “Berlin, where she still remains, with
 “Madam de Zastrow, who has there fixed
 “her residence. She no way resembles what
 “her brother was before his misfortune.
 “Instead of his benevolent and dignified
 “presence, Matilda’s features are delicate
 “and small; the character of her coun-
 “tenance is that of mirth and vivacity.
 “The symmetry of her person is exact;
 “her arm is round; her feet exceedingly

“ pretty ; her waist small ; her nose turned
“ up ; her eyes blue, and intelligent ; her
“ rose-coloured lips are always ready to
“ laugh, and add dimples to her cheeks ;
“ and her whole form conveys the idea of
“ what we call sports and smiles ; but never
“ any thing of tender sentiment. She seems
“ even incapable of such sensations ; so that
“ one may play with her without the least
“ danger either to her or one’s self.

“ Yet, however, did she, sensibly, begin
“ to lose a part of the thoughtless gaiety
“ by which she seemed to be characterized.
“ She still laughed, but the laugh often
“ seemed forced, and was sometimes fol-
“ lowed by a sigh. By degrees she ceased
“ to call me her brother, or let me assume
“ the privilege of one. If I offered to kiss
“ her, she would draw back and blush ; and,
“ when I called her my dear little sister, she
“ very gravely would reply with a—*Sir* ;
“ which, at times, she had some difficulty
“ to pronounce. The Count perceived the
“ change sooner than I did. “ Either I
“ am much deceived,” said he, “ or the
“ heart of our young sister begins to take
“ part in my project ; but tell me, dear
“ Lindorf, what says yours ? May I here-
“ after call you brother ?”

I was

“ I was too sincere to endeavour to conceal that I had, hitherto, felt nothing farther than friendship; “ but, certainly,” said I to the Count, “ my heart, already exhausted, is no longer capable of love, and since the charming Matilda fails to inspire passion, I shall never feel it more.” Ah, Caroline, how much was I deceived !

“ You are mistaken,” replied he, “ Lindorf; at three-and-twenty the heart is never satiated with love : nor have you ever known love ; for your passion for Louisa was rather an effervescence of the senses than love itself ; its excess was a proof of my assertion, and I desire no better than your meditated elopement. When a lover, Lindorf, prefers his own enjoyment to the interest of the object beloved, you may be certain his heart is but feebly affected. My utmost wish is, that my sister may make you feel the difference between your passion for Louisa and the delicious sentiments of refined love. She is still sufficiently young to give me hope that this may happen ; and, perhaps, it is her great youth that retards the desired event. You think her only a girl ; but, when this girl shall discover sensibility,

“ there will be but another step to inspire
“ you with similar sensations.”

“ I embraced the Count, and assured him,
“ I had already love enough for Matilda to
“ think with pleasure on the time when I
“ should love her more, and when I might
“ add the name of brother to that of friend;
“ but that I had still many errors to repair
“ and to efface, and that his charming sister
“ merited a heart wholly hers, and capable
“ of feeling her worth.

“ A short time after this conversation
“ happened, Walstein was appointed Am-
“ bassador to Russia. Our farewell was ten-
“ der, and affected me greatly. Since the
“ commission of my crime (for what other
“ name can I give it?) I never could be-
“ hold the Count without a renewal of af-
“ fliction and remorse. That countenance,
“ so beautiful, that walk and figure, so
“ noble, that look, which expressed so much,
“ all, incessantly haunted me. The Count
“ seemed to recollect nothing of this,
“ nor to entertain the least regret. Before
“ we parted, I entreated him to give me
“ his picture, such as it was when he came
“ to Ronebourg. I knew he had one, and
“ I wished he would bequeath it to me ;
“ that my own fault and his generosity
“ might

“ might continually be recalled, and that I
 “ might be certain time should not enfeeble
 “ the remembrance of them.

“ This he absolutely refused. “ No,
 “ dear Lindorf,” said he, “ you shall have
 “ no portrait of mine, neither past nor
 “ present. I would have them forgotten
 “ as totally by you as they are by me. I
 “ never would have them mentioned more.
 “ I wish you only to remember our friend-
 “ ship, which is, and ever shall be, invio-
 “ lable.”

“ I did not persist in my request, because
 “ I saw him determined, and because I had
 “ another resource. The young Countess,
 “ Matilda, had a miniature picture in a
 “ bracelet; but which, after his accident,
 “ she no longer wore; and which, I believe,
 “ he himself had forgotten. I had no great
 “ difficulty in prevailing on her, under a
 “ promise of secrecy, to suffer a copy to be ta-
 “ ken. It is this which I have now left with
 “ you, Caroline, and which I beg you to ac-
 “ cept. You are the only person to whom I
 “ would have given that picture; but you, I
 “ am certain, will know its value. Look at it
 “ often; and, while you look, remember
 “ the beautiful mind which animated that
 “ once beautiful form still exists, with still

“improving beauty, and increasing purity.
 “Yes, the change of his features gives
 “Walstein new lustre, nor should the re-
 “maining scars make you hold your hus-
 “band in horror.—Ah! Caroline, you
 “must detest his wretched assassin, but
 “forget not his remorse; remember his
 “repentance! Think on what he suf-
 “fered while he was making this his con-
 “fession, and conjuring you to love ano-
 “ther; banishing himself for ever from
 “your presence. An expiation like this
 “ought, almost, to make the crime forgot-
 “ten, and to obtain a generous pardon.

“The Count, at parting, promised to
 “write to me, as often as the multiplicity of
 “affairs in which he was going to engage
 “would permit. Wholly devoted to his
 “duty, he had little time for a correspon-
 “dence of pleasure, or even friendship.
 “Soon after his arrival, however, at Pe-
 “tersburgh, I received the letters which I
 “enclose in this packet; you will find
 “them numbered according to the order
 “in which they came. Read them, Caro-
 “line; your spouse is a much better
 “painter of himself than I am.”

Caroline took the letters, looked for No. I.
 and hastily opened it. The hand-writ-
 “ing

ing recalled to recollection the short penciled billet of the antichamber; the only one she had ever received from Walstein, and the impression of which had been so strong, yet so little durable. She felt the anguish of remorse; and, for some moments, her tears impeded her sight. At length she began to read. The letter was dated from Petersburg, the year before her marriage, and was as follows:

NUMBER I.

The Count of WALSTEIN to the Baron of LINDORF.

Petersburgh, July 7, 17—

• THE letter I received, yesterday, from
 • Matilda, confirmed what I had long
 • suspected. Yes, you are beloved, dear
 • Lindorf: her innocent and pure mind is
 • itself astonished at the new ideas which
 • affect it, and has not had the art to con-
 • ceal them from the penetrating friendship
 • of a brother. Each phrase, each word,
 • in her letter, betrays her secret; and I
 • think myself guilty of no treason in re-
 • vealing it to her husband—Yes, her hus-
 • band, dear Lindorf!—In vain would
 • your delicacy longer decline what friend-
 • ship

‘ ship so ardently desires ; it now ought to
‘ yield to what I shall say, or rather to
‘ what I shall repeat. I have reflected a
‘ good deal on our last conversation. Be-
‘ cause you do not love my sister with the
‘ same transport, the same burning rap-
‘ tures you felt for Louisa, you imagine
‘ yourself unworthy of her, and conclude
‘ you never shall love her. Yet, you
‘ acknowledge, and I believe you have the
‘ tenderest friendship for Matilda, and that
‘ she is the woman you at present would
‘ most prefer, and the only one concerning
‘ whom you are any way interested.—
‘ What more is necessary, dear Lindorf, to
‘ happiness? Does a sensation so sweet to
‘ the soul leave any thing farther to wish?
‘ And, when to these are added the grati-
‘ tude you would feel for the love she
‘ bears to you, do you suppose it possible
‘ you should not make her perfectly happy?
‘ For my part, I think her happiness much
‘ more certain, this way, than if you had a
‘ violent passion for her, which consumes
‘ itself in its own flames, and leaves only
‘ regret and a painful void. Ever since I
‘ have thought of this union, which to see
‘ accomplished, would, I own, be one of
‘ the greatest pleasures of my life, I have
‘ studied

studied the characters of you and Matilda
 much more attentively than you imagine;
 and each remark I have made has con-
 firmed and even convinced me you were
 born for each other.—Without perhaps
 being so beautiful as Louisa, or, even,
 as many other women, my sister has some-
 what in her figure which every day pleases
 more, because it every day is gaining
 some additional grace; and because it
 consists in that varied and animated play
 of countenance which is more pleasing
 than a regularity of features, that are but
 too apt, by their sameness, to lose their
 charm. Perhaps, you will tell me she
 wants sensibility, and that you have too
 much. But shall I surprise you, nay, shall
 I not vex you, dear Lindorf, when I say
 I believe Matilda has at least as much
 feeling as my friend himself? Under the
 apparent thoughtlessness of childhood, if
 I mistake not, I have discovered the ten-
 derest, the most affectionate heart, and the
 most capable of a strong and lasting at-
 tachment. You see, already, this little
 insensible has understanding enough to
 know your worth, to love you, and, I
 think, Lindorf, you will never have any
 complaints to make of her want of tender-
 ness

• nefs. Her mind, likewise, has those pro-
• pensities which best please and fix the
• attention of yours. Her amiable vivacity,
• her uninterrupted gaiety, are qualities that
• will preserve you from dulness ; which, of
• all the plagues of a conjugal state, is one of
• the worst. Her gentleness and good temper
• will meliorate that natural warmth which
• so often overpowers you, and, in your
• own despite, carries you beyond the
• bounds of moderation. I hear your reply,
• dear Lindorf. “ Yes, my own happiness, I
• see, will be certain ; but what will become
• of that of Matilda ? ” Be not unhappy on
• that account, my friend, for, once again
• I tell thee, I am not ; and that, when I press
• thee to marry my sister, I foresee how thy
• heart, perhaps the most excellent I have
• ever known, will act. Yes, Matilda must
• be happy, and I defy thee to prove the
• contrary. Besides, she loves thee, and
• therefore without thee, Lindorf, must be
• wretched ; and, whatever thou mayest say,
• thou hast more love for her than thou sup-
• posest. Love, my friend, is nothing more
• than a lively friendship founded on recip-
• cal esteem, and improved on a difference
• of sex. Matilda has inspired this friend-
• ship already ; and what shall it be, when
• mutual

‘ mutual interest and children give it additional strength? Lindorf, thou, like me, must feel how dear to a man must be the mother of his children. Oh ! my friend, that kind of sensation which you experience when thinking of my sister, will, then, daily increase, daily acquire new powers, and confirm you both in happiness. Renounce, therefore, these vain scruples, and prepare every thing for this happy union. Speak to Matilda, speak to my aunt; with the first your efforts need not be very great. My aunt, perhaps, may not be so complying. She wishes her niece to marry a nephew of the late Baron de Zastrow, the heir of the title and estates; but I will write to her, and she loves my sister too well not to yield when she thinks her happiness at stake; besides which, she is acquainted with you, Lindorf, and your reception at her house, may well make you suppose she will not reject you for a nephew.

‘ Adieu, write to me immediately, I am impatient to know whether I have convinced you, you are such as it is requisite you should be, to become the brother, the beloved brother, of your dear friend,

‘ EDMUND, Count of Walstein.

P. S. The

‘ P. S. The steward of my estate at
 ‘ Walstein being lately dead, it has given
 ‘ me pleasure to bestow his place on the
 ‘ honest Justin, who manages his farm ex-
 ‘ cellently. I yesterday received his answer,
 ‘ which is written with such simplicity of
 ‘ heart, and affords so fine a picture of hap-
 ‘ piness, that, I am certain, you will be
 ‘ pleased to see it; for which reason I have
 ‘ enclosed it.—Perhaps you would rather
 ‘ have seen that of Matilda: if so, dear
 ‘ Lindorf, be certain you may marry her
 ‘ without dread or apprehension.’

Whether the letter from Justin was by chance enclosed in that of the Count, when sent by Lindorf to Caroline, or whether purposely put there, does not greatly matter; but there it was, and we imagine our readers will be glad to read it, and once again recollect the beautiful Louisa, whom certainly they have not yet forgotten.

The LETTER of JUSTIN.

‘ *To his Excellency, my Lord, the* COUNT of
 ‘ WALSTEIN, *Ambassador to the Court of*
 ‘ *Petersburg.*

‘ *My Lord,*

‘ I AM certain, for I know my Lord’s
 ‘ goodness,

‘ goodness, his heart would have been right
 ‘ glad if his Excellence had seen how happy
 ‘ his Lordship’s letter made us all; nay,
 ‘ more happy than we were before, which,
 ‘ if any body had told us that such a thing
 ‘ might be, I am sure we should have said
 ‘ it was impossible. To be sure, I did not
 ‘ think that ever the poor Justin could have
 ‘ arrived at the honour of being my Lord
 ‘ the Count’s steward; though, at present, I
 ‘ feel, I am sure, I can do my duty in the
 ‘ discharge of that high office, of which I am
 ‘ as proud as if I were a King; and, though
 ‘ I be not learned, I am certain I can do
 ‘ any thing to serve my good and dear
 ‘ Lord; and I hope, when it shall please
 ‘ God to send him back, that he will be sa-
 ‘ tisfied, and find every thing in good
 ‘ order.

‘ We have been in the steward’s apart-
 ‘ ment, at the Chateau, for these two days
 ‘ past. My dear Louisa, at first, was sorry
 ‘ to leave the farm; but she tells me, now,
 ‘ she finds as she shall be happy every where
 ‘ with me; though be this said with all
 ‘ respect to my Lord the Count, for I know
 ‘ one should not brag of one’s self; but
 ‘ when one is the husband of Louisa, and
 ‘ the steward of my Lord the Count of
 ‘ Walstein

‘ Walftein, one may well be a little proud.
‘ Our good old father, too, is as proud, as
‘ I am, and so gay of heart that he seems
‘ younger by ten years. He calls me no-
‘ thing but my Lord the Count’s steward;
‘ and he drinks a glass of wine more, every
‘ meal, to the health and honour of my
‘ Lord. All of us, even to our two dear
‘ little poppets, are quite overjoyed at being
‘ at the Chateau; and they are so pleased
‘ to play in the gardens of my Lord the
‘ Count! The eldest can go any where, the
‘ sturdy little rogue; and his young brother,
‘ who is not yet weaned, already begins to
‘ hiss the name of my Lord the Count, for
‘ that is the first word we teach them; and
‘ when his grandfather drinks the health of
‘ my Lord he always takes off his bonnet.
‘ To be sure they are two charming little
‘ knaves, and almost as beautiful as their
‘ mother.

‘ I should never dare to presume to tell
‘ all this to my Lord the Ambassador if he
‘ had not commanded me to write him word
‘ of every thing that concerned our good
‘ old father, my dear Louisa, and our little
‘ boys.—I had almost forgot the flageolet,
‘ but Louisa, who knows my Lord the
‘ Count’s letter by heart, made me recol-
‘ lect

' lest it ; and so I continue, as aforetime, to
 ' play to Louisa, to amuse her while she
 ' gives the breast to the little one, and so
 ' the biggest dances all the while I play,
 ' for this your Lordship knows is like the
 ' birds in their nests ; the male sings while
 ' the female is sitting ; and so my Lord the
 ' Count will very well perceive I am the
 ' happiest man this day on God's earth.
 ' Every thing goes its gait ; all we under-
 ' take succeeds ; and when we are in the
 ' meadow we see our four calves, three hens,
 ' and their broods of chickens, and I know
 ' not how many sheep, goats, and lambs,
 ' without reckoning our little boys, all play-
 ' ing around us ; and all this my Lord the
 ' Count has given us, and so it is my opi-
 ' nion that my Lord the Count is as happy,
 ' or perhaps even happier, than we are, be-
 ' cause *he* has done the good, and *we* have
 ' only received it : but it ought to be so ;
 ' he wants nothing but a Louisa, which may
 ' the good and bountiful God give him !
 ' We pray every day for my Lord the
 ' Count ; for truly, my Lord has, after
 ' God himself, the first place in our hearts.
 ' Wherefore, may God grant my Lord all
 ' his wishes and a long life to enjoy them
 ' in, which is the most sincere prayer of

‘ his most humble servants and superintendants of his estate at Walstein.

‘ At Walstein this 12th
‘ day of June, 17—.

‘ JUSTIN and LOUISA.’

“ You hear the prayers of these good
“ people, Caroline, and Heaven has been
“ pleased to hear them likewise. Walstein
“ has a Louisa ! No, not so ; he has a still
“ superior angel !

“ I answered the Count’s letter by the
“ next courier.—Gratitude, the pleasure
“ of being still dearer and nearer related to
“ him, an ardent desire to merit the good
“ opinion he entertained of me, certitude
“ of my own happiness, and a promise to
“ make Matilda happy ; these my letter ex-
“ pressed, and these my heart dictated.—
“ The only thing omitted was love ; but
“ the Count had just shewn me love was not
“ necessary to happiness, but that it would
“ be more certain from that kind of attach-
“ ment which I felt for his sister. Wal-
“ stein had too great an ascendant over me
“ not to convince, and I was the more easy
“ to persuade from the belief of being be-
“ loved, which gave a degree of force to
“ the favourable sentiments I had for the
“ lovely

“ lovely Matilda. I no longer saw her
 “ without emotion; and this became suf-
 “ ficiently strong to make me perfectly
 “ easy; when, after a conversation of some
 “ length held with her, she gave me per-
 “ mission, though not without deep blushes,
 “ to ask her aunt’s consent, and endeavour
 “ to gain her over to the views of her bro-
 “ ther.

“ I thought it best, however, to wait,
 “ before I spoke to the Baroness, till I had
 “ written to the Count, and received his
 “ promised answer. This I told Matilda,
 “ who thought it very proper; and we no
 “ longer endeavoured to conceal an affec-
 “ tion thus authorized by fraternal autho-
 “ rity.

“ I continued, therefore, my daily visits
 “ at the Baroness de Zastrow’s, and very
 “ assiduously paid her my court, though
 “ with very little success. After the depart-
 “ ure of the Count her conduct to me had
 “ been wholly changed; always polite but
 “ always distant, she affected to receive me
 “ with great ceremony, and took her mea-
 “ sures so well that I seldom had an oppor-
 “ tunity of speaking a word in private to
 “ Matilda. These impediments and con-
 “ tradictions might naturally have been
 “ expected

“ expected to augment love ; and, I own, I
“ was secretly vexed, which did not pass un-
“ observed by Matilda, and which consoled
“ her for her aunt’s behaviour by persuading
“ her she was beloved ; and so, no doubt,
“ she was ; friendship, gratitude, attached
“ me to her, and, had I then obtained her
“ hand, I might myself have been well per-
“ suaded my affection was much stronger
“ than it has proved.

“ I waited, however, without any violent
“ impatience the effect of the Count’s pro-
“ mises and letter to his aunt. He wrote
“ me word ‘ he had not yet been able to
‘ gain the consent of that lady, for she
‘ tenaciously adhered to her design of marry-
‘ ing Matilda to the young Baron de Zaf-
‘ trow, then on his travels. Yet that he,
‘ however, was still more tenacious of his
‘ own, which certainly should be effective ;
‘ for which reason he conjured me not to
‘ take offence, but to wait with patience.
‘ A considerable estate,’ he said, ‘ depended
‘ on this aunt, which required some caution ;
‘ but that, by one means or other, he would
‘ obtain his end, and that he already re-
‘ garded me as his brother.”

“ I wished to shew Matilda this letter,
“ and immediately went to the house of
“ the Baroness. I found it shut up ! No
“ porter,

“porter, not a single servant, was there to
 “whom I could speak! This circumstance
 “appeared extremely singular; for, the
 “very evening before, I had been received
 “as usual, without the least mention of a
 “removal. I inquired in the neighbour-
 “hood, and was told the coach had set off
 “very early in the morning; but could
 “learn nothing more. While I was re-
 “maining in the utmost astonishment, I saw
 “Matilda’s maid coming to me. I ran to
 “meet her, and was going to question,
 “but was prevented by her telling me to
 “ask nothing, for that nothing she knew.
 “I cannot tell you where they are,” said she.
 “Yesterday, as soon as you were gone, I
 “heard my lady speaking very loud, and
 “Miss Matilda weeping. All night long
 “there was nothing but packing up, scold-
 “ing, and crying; and, at last, I was paid
 “my wages, discharged, and they set off in
 “a coach; but Miss Matilda, when she bade
 “me farewell, slipped this into my hand.”

“The maid then gave me a crumpled
 “paper, addressed to me; which, taking, I
 “directly opened, but without, at first,
 “being able to comprehend a word of
 “its contents. It seemed an inventory of
 “chairs, tables, and furniture. At last, I
 VOL. I. M “discovered

“ discovered that what regarded myself was
“ interlined, and was as follows.

“ Oh ! Mr. Lindorf, we are going to de-
“ part for Dresden, presently ; and we are
“ to stay there a long, long while ; perhaps,
“ for ever. What will you think when you
“ shall come to-morrow and find your poor
“ young friend gone ? Will you grieve as
“ much as she does ? I hope you will be a
“ little sorry ; yet do not afflict yourself
“ too much ; for I promise you my thoughts
“ will be the same at Dresden as they were
“ at Berlin, and so they will for ever con-
“ tinue to be. Besides, have I not a bro-
“ ther, a dear good brother ? Write to him
“ immediately ; and, should you wish to
“ send a word in answer to this, let it be
“ under cover to him, for there are no other
“ means of its arriving at me. No, if you
“ write to me, your letters must first go to
“ Russia. But what of that, if I but get them
“ at last ?—I wish I were as sure this would
“ come to your hands. I could contrive
“ no means of writing to you, but, luckily,
“ my aunt gave me an inventory to copy.
“ When she looks at me, I set down a figure,
“ and, the moment she is gone, write a line.
“ When it is done, perhaps, I may give it
“ to poor Nancy, whom my aunt intends to
“ turn

‘ turn away, because she might assist us, and
 ‘ because she loves you. I am sure she will
 ‘ give it you, faithfully.—I am vexed to
 ‘ be obliged to write thus clandestinely and
 ‘ deceive my aunt; yet she has had no re-
 ‘ morse at deceiving me. Till this very
 ‘ night I knew not a word of our depar-
 ‘ ture; no, I protest to you, I did not
 ‘ know a word of it. Is it not a shocking
 ‘ thing to be obliged to set off without
 ‘ seeing you?—I scarcely can write for cry-
 ‘ ing, and I hear my aunt coming. My
 ‘ paper is no more like an inventory, so I
 ‘ must hide it, and begin another. Fare-
 ‘ well, Mr. Lindorf, I will remember you
 ‘ and pray for you continually; and do not
 ‘ forget the poor Matilda, and do not think
 ‘ ill of her because she has written to you first.’

“ Such was the letter of Matilda, on
 “ reading of which it was impossible, with-
 “ out any violent love, not to be affected at
 “ the native simplicity of the niece, and
 “ piqued at the behaviour of the aunt. I
 “ felt both these sensations in their full
 “ force, and returned to my chamber, where
 “ I immediately wrote an account of all that
 “ had passed to Walstein, and of the un-
 “ worthy artifice that had been used. I be-
 “ lieve anger was stronger than regret, for

“ I insinuated to the Count that I looked
 “ upon our project as impracticable ; and,
 “ since Madame de Zastrow was so deter-
 “ mined, to renounce it appeared to me
 “ the wisest way. I enclosed a copy of the
 “ letter from Matilda, and my answer, de-
 “ siring her brother to send it to her ; and
 “ I received a letter from the Count, by
 “ the return of the post, as follows.”

NUMBER II.

The Count of WALSTEIN to the Baron of LINDORF.

Petersburg, July 18, 17—

‘ I am exceedingly angry, dear Lindorf,
 ‘ at the trick our good aunt, de Zastrow,
 ‘ has played us ; but her efforts are fruit-
 ‘ less, Matilda shall be yours. I declare,
 ‘ nay, have sworn, my sister shall not be-
 ‘ come the victim of her obstinacy. I have
 ‘ nothing to allege against the young
 ‘ Baron de Zastrow, whom I have not the
 ‘ honour of knowing, and to whom I wish
 ‘ all manner of happiness, except that of
 ‘ being the husband of Matilda. You, Lin-
 ‘ dorf, has she selected, and you, already,
 ‘ doth her young heart prefer. No, that
 ‘ innocent and open heart, which spoke all
 ‘ its

its secrets with such ingenuous confidence
 to me, shall not be deceived in its wishes ;
 shall not have to combat a passion to which
 I myself may be said to have given birth ;
 nor shall she have to blush for having first
 written to any other man than her husband.
 Poor dear girl ! how much did her billet affect me ! I will write immediately,
 to console her, and afford her no very distant
 prospect of felicity : a little perseverance
 and we shall conquer. I will inclose your letter,
 likewise, which, I believe, will be more effectual
 than mine. By the same post I will write to my aunt,
 and, if necessary, assert the rights a dying
 father bequeathed to me over my sister.
To you I confide her and the care of her future happiness ; nor, oh ! my father, will
 I betray this trust. Matilda and Lindorf
 shall be one, and your dear girl, then, cannot
 fail of being happy ! Take courage, therefore,
 my friend, and be assured our project shall
 succeed. Matilda is yet but fifteen ; in three
 or four years she will be more formed, more
 capable of happiness, more worthy of herself
 and you. My only fear is that, you being
 separate from her, that heart, so suddenly
 become cold, insensible, that heart, no longer
 susceptible

‘ of love, as you have supposed, may, in the
‘ mean time, stand convicted of its error,
‘ and find that it never yet knew the passion.
‘ If, dear Lindorf, this misfortune should
‘ happen, promise me, swear to me, you will
‘ neither sacrifice yourself nor my sister to
‘ engagements which, from that moment,
‘ will cease to exist. I am desirous of this
‘ union no farther than as I am persuaded it
‘ will not be a misfortune to either party,
‘ and would rather have to comfort Matilda
‘ for the loss of a lover than for the indif-
‘ ference of the husband of her heart. There-
‘ fore, Lindorf, the very moment she would
‘ no longer be the wife you would prefer
‘ to all others, the very moment you are
‘ convinced some other woman may render
‘ you more happy, have the fortitude to in-
‘ form your friend of this change, and be
‘ assured that, instead of diminishing, by
‘ this conduct, you will redouble his esteem.
‘ I think violent love no way necessary to
‘ conjugal felicity. I have said so in my
‘ former letter, and I persist in the opinion;
‘ but I am still more effectually convinced
‘ that a husband and wife ought, at least,
‘ mutually to prefer each other to the whole
‘ world, and never know regret at the remem-
‘ brance of being united for life. I think it
‘ necessary

' necessary that that agreement of taste and
 ' feeling, that entire confidence, that bond
 ' of affection, should be found, which cannot
 ' exist if one of the two love another, and
 ' be obliged to conceal the thoughts by
 ' which he or she most is occupied.—
 ' These considerations, I own, have hi-
 ' therto hindered me from marrying and
 ' yielding to the wishes and entreaties of my
 ' family, which, with me, will become
 ' extinct. I dread lest my present rank and
 ' favour might engage some woman, to
 ' whom I might address myself, to marry
 ' me, though she really loved another. I
 ' fear acquiring rights which I shall find
 ' are usurpations, and over a heart that has
 ' other engagements. I dread being the
 ' unconscious cause of misery to two lovers,
 ' and being myself still more miserable when
 ' I shall have made the discovery. You
 ' know me too well, dear Lindorf, ever to
 ' imagine I can mean to reproach when I
 ' thus speak my secret sentiments. You
 ' know my manner of thinking relative to
 ' the accident that has altered my person; it
 ' is ever the same; and, I again protest, I
 ' every day congratulate myself on the pre-
 ' sent opportunity I enjoy of indulging my
 ' most prevalent inclination, and following

‘ the studies in which I most delight ; happy
‘ in having had the means, in my former
‘ station, of giving those proofs of courage
‘ and zeal in the service of my King which
‘ most I wished ; and, in my present, of serv-
‘ ing him, as I think, much more effec-
‘ tually. A good minister, Lindorf, is still
‘ a greater character than a good general.
‘ It is my greatest pleasure to fulfil the
‘ duties of the office to which I am ap-
‘ pointed ; and this office, I repeat it, is
‘ much more agreeable to me than the life
‘ of a soldier ; therefore I *can* have nothing
‘ to regret ; nothing, nothing——Yet I
‘ must do myself justice. I may not now
‘ hope to inspire love, nor do I make any
‘ such weak pretences ; and, perhaps, it may
‘ be for that reason I persuade myself that
‘ love is not necessary to happiness. But I
‘ wish, at least, to find a woman who has
‘ no partiality for another. I do not even
‘ shrink from a slight repugnance, at first ;
‘ that is natural, and what I ought to ex-
‘ pect. My endeavours must be to dis-
‘ pel it by degrees, and make myself be-
‘ loved first through gratitude, and after-
‘ wards from habit. The eye would soon
‘ accommodate itself to my person, and my
‘ sole study should be to make it forgotten
‘ by

‘ by my actions. Is it possible that a woman
‘ must not, at last, love him who exists but
‘ to render her happy ; who would prevent
‘ her wishes, to which his own would be ever
‘ subservient, and who would be grateful
‘ for the smallest marks of attachment which
‘ she might bestow ! Such, my friend, are
‘ the loved illusions of my heart, and which
‘ I yet, one day, hope to behold realized.
‘ I foresee all the obstacles, but they dis-
‘ courage me not. I know how difficult it
‘ is to find a woman whose heart is entirely
‘ free, without which my whole scheme
‘ would be frustrate ; for comparisons would
‘ incessantly be made between me and the
‘ regretted, the beloved object. I should be
‘ looked upon as a monster. Partiality and
‘ bitter remembrance would poison life.
‘ But, could I meet some young heart, such
‘ as I wish, and such as I shall incessantly en-
‘ deavour to find, simple and innocent,
‘ unacquainted with love, and with little
‘ knowledge of the world ; if such I find,
‘ it shall be mine, even though I should
‘ oblige her to marry me ; for I would ren-
‘ der her happy in her own despite. I am
‘ sensible that I should at first be accused of
‘ want of delicacy ; but my secret motives
‘ would justify me in my own eyes. I have

no other means of enjoying a felicity my heart most ardently desires ; that of being a husband and a father, and ending my days in the arms of my children. Sacred ties ! Connections of the soul, which double existence ! without which man is desolate ; alone, in the wide world, as in a desert ; dragging a useless life and dying without regret !—Yes, such intimate relations will constitute my happiness. Never can I think of them without emotion, never can read the letter from Justin, a copy of which I sent to you, without shedding tears. How happy are those good people ! *He wants nothing but a Luísa, which may the good and bountiful God give him !*—Yes, honest Justin, the prayers of a heart so pure as thine, ought to, and no doubt will, be heard. I shall find this companion, whom, already, I adore ; though I know her not. She and Walstein, Lindorf and Matilda, Justin and Louisa, and there will be three happy couples in the universe ! What say you, Lindorf, to my prophecy ? For my part, I am in raptures at the idea, and have faith in perfect bliss.—But what is it you mention about the loss of inheritance ? Should my aunt be unjust enough to deprive Matilda of hers, is not she sufficiently

‘ciently rich at present ; and does more or
 ‘less influence happiness when we have
 ‘more than sufficient for the enjoyment of
 ‘life ? Will not your wealth and hers be
 ‘enough ? However, as plenty is not an
 ‘evil, and as it is best that what is done
 ‘should be done with a good grace, let us
 ‘wait awhile, my friend. I would not af-
 ‘firm I should not be jealous were you hap-
 ‘py while I remain single : and my dear
 ‘wife is not yet found. I shall soon, how-
 ‘ever, seriously begin the search. At pre-
 ‘sent, I have too many affairs on hand. I
 ‘fear I shall not often have the pleasure of
 ‘writing to you, for which reason I take full
 ‘revenge of the present opportunity.’

The remainder of the letter related only to political affairs, and accounts of Russia, which Caroline skipped over, or read unconsciously ; her thoughts had other employment, and her heart was not capacious enough for her own affairs. She seemed as if transported into another world, of which, till then, she had had no idea. This last letter particularly struck her. She read it again, and with sensations somewhat painful. The prediction of the love of Lindorf, the excessive fear of Walstein, lest he should marry a woman whose heart was pre-engaged, made

a severe impression on her. When she came to Walstein's projects of happiness, and to the motives which had induced him to marry her, she found herself, notwithstanding her repugnance, so affected, that, at the moment, she thought she loved him only in the world; or, rather, she did not herself understand her own feelings. She remained with her eyes fixed on this letter, without remembering that the manuscript was not ended. Her enthusiasm, at length, vanished by degrees; the idea of the Count was effaced, and the image of Lindorf regained a part of its former empire. The letter was laid down, and the manuscript once more taken up.

“Time fails, Caroline, and the four-and-
“twenty hours I have dedicated to this
“painful work are almost ended. I already
“perceive the first rays of day, of that
“day on which, perhaps, for the last time
“I shall behold her, to whom, yesterday,
“at the same hour, I hoped to devote my
“life. How happy was I then! How did
“the sweet chimæras of hope and love flatter
“my heart! A single moment has destroyed
“them all, has plunged me into an
“abyss of despair!—Yet what complaints
“are these? Ought I thus to employ the few
“remaining

“ remaining minutes in which I would con-
 “ duct you to happiness, by pointing out the
 “ road? Yes, Caroline, you will be, must be,
 “ happy ; and the certainty of this will be
 “ the sole consolation of my future existence.

“ The whole year passed without the least
 “ change of circumstance or situation. Ma-
 “ tilda remained at Dresden, the Count in
 “ Russia, and I at Berlin. An uninterr-
 “ rupted correspondence maintained our
 “ mutual connections, but that of Dresden,
 “ passing first by Petersburg, was neither
 “ very frequent nor very animated. Ma-
 “ tilda, educated in restraint, and even with
 “ severity, durst not indulge her feelings ;
 “ and, at the utmost, expressed friendship
 “ only. My answers nearly assumed the
 “ same tone ; yet, determined to espouse
 “ her as soon as her aunt would consent,
 “ and preferring her to all the women I
 “ then knew, I carefully avoided every oc-
 “ casion of meeting objects who might era-
 “ dicate these ideas, and take place of her
 “ in my heart.

“ To deprive myself of the pleasures of
 “ courts cost me but little. Ever since the
 “ unfortunate adventure of Louisa and the
 “ Count I had preserved an habitual melan-
 “ choly, which well accorded with my fu-
 “ ture

ture intentions. Wholly devoted to my military occupations and paying my duty to the King, I employed the remainder of my time in riding, music, or reading.

An unfortunate event happened which disturbed my tranquillity and increased my melancholy. My father, who remained at Ronebourg, had an apoplectic fit; my mother, who had long been in a feeble and ill state of health, scarcely could support her grief and terror. I was instantly sent for, and found them both, on my arrival, in great danger. The sight of me appeared to animate them; my mother especially, who loved me with most affectionate tenderness, found herself sensibly better, which she attributed to my presence and cares; but the state in which she still remained required every attention I could bestow. I wrote to Court to obtain leave of absence. My motive was too sacred for me to be refused, and I devoted my whole time and faculties to my parents.

It was during this absence, Caroline, that you came to embellish the Court I had quitted; and it was then also the Count had that unfortunate sickness which detained him so long on the road, and
which

“ which I heard of by accident. At any
 “ other moment I should have flown to his
 “ assistance; but I was then detained at
 “ Ronebourg, by duties too sacred, and too
 “ dear, to admit even the idea.

“ Some time after, I had the pleasure to
 “ learn, from himself, he had recovered
 “ and arrived at Berlin. His letter had an
 “ enigmatic and mysterious turn, which I
 “ remarked when I read it first——
 “ He would have given,” he said, “ the
 “ whole world to see and speak to me. The
 “ cruel event, which detained me at Rone-
 “ bourg, was the more distressing to him be-
 “ cause he absolutely could not come thi-
 “ ther, on account of the distance (Rone-
 “ bourg is at the farther end of Silesia, and
 “ four long days journey from Berlin) and
 “ the little time he had to remain in Prussia,
 “ during which every moment would be
 “ occupied. He then spoke of Matilda, was
 “ grieved at the perversity of her aunt, but
 “ was determined, he said, the instant I
 “ should be at liberty to leave Ronebourg,
 “ to exert his authority and terminate our
 “ marriage.—He had a new motive for haf-
 “ tening the affair.—Perhaps he was himself
 “ on the point of being happy—of obtain-
 “ ing what he so ardently desired; but he
 “ could

“ could not enjoy perfect content unless I
“ enjoyed it also.”

“ I paid less attention to this letter than
“ I should have done at any other time;
“ for scarcely had I time to read it, nor
“ have I, till now, hardly recollected it since.
“ I received it on the very day on which
“ my father, after having languished four
“ months, expired in my arms, recommend-
“ ing my mother to me, and commanding
“ me not to leave her.

“ Alas ! my heart had already fore run
“ the command, which was itself to me a
“ law. Already had I sworn, to the ten-
“ derest of mothers, that her son, her only
“ son, would not abandon her in the hour
“ of her affliction !

“ As soon as I had rendered my father the
“ last duties of humanity, I wrote to the
“ Count to inform him of my loss, and to
“ entreat he would obtain a renewal of my
“ leave of absence ; and the King not only
“ permitted me to remain at Ronebourg,
“ but deigned, likewise, to approve the mo-
“ tive that made me wish to stay.

“ The Count, in his answer, wrote in a
“ style of melancholy that did not surprise
“ me. I knew how sensibly his heart was
“ affected by, and partook of, the afflictions
“ of

“ of his friends ; beside, he himself had a
 “ strong attachment to my father. He
 “ made no references to the subject of his
 “ former letter, which had been mislaid in
 “ the grief of the terrible moment in which
 “ it was received, and I had almost forgot
 “ its contents. He only said he should go
 “ immediately to Dresden, being desirous
 “ to see his sister before he returned into
 “ Russia ; he added that, if it were possible,
 “ he would also come to Ronebourg, but
 “ durst not promise ; and, in fact, did not
 “ come.

“ Wherefore, Oh ! wherefore did he not
 “ then confide to me the fatal secret ?——
 “ Yet, no doubt, his delicacy would not
 “ suffer him to increase my present pangs,
 “ by informing me of an event of which I
 “ could not help knowing myself to be the
 “ original cause.

“ Three months more passed away, still
 “ more sorrowful, still more painful than the
 “ preceding. I had but one object of at-
 “ tention ; filial affection was, now, solely
 “ attached to my mother, whom I beheld
 “ daily decline, without other hope, other
 “ consolation, than that of soothing her last
 “ moments. At length, I lost her, also.
 “ Her pure soul quitted its terrestrial resi-
 “ dence,

“ dence, and rejoiced at the hope of once
“ again meeting her husband, and expiring
“ in the arms of her son.

“ Pardon, Oh Caroline ! this gloomy
“ narrative. I have need of the support of
“ former misfortunes to enable me to en-
“ dure the present ; and am obliged to re-
“ trace antecedent losses, now, when I suffer
“ one which might have consoled me for
“ them all. It is necessary for me incessantly
“ to remember that man is born to be un-
“ happy, and that misery is his portion ; that
“ he is successively to lose every object he
“ held most dear, and for whom he only
“ wished to live. No, happiness is not for
“ man—at least only for one man—and his
“ virtues, perhaps, make it his right. I,
“ certainly, ought not to murmur.

“ After the death of my father, I fled
“ from Ronebourg ; it was become a hated
“ place, as well by the double loss I so lately
“ had sustained as by the act of barbarity I
“ formerly had committed there. I re-
“ turned to Berlin and Potsdam, where I
“ passed the remainder of the winter, and
“ lived still more retired than the year be-
“ fore. The Count wrote seldom, and,
“ when he did, his style seemed embarrassed
“ and gloomy ; and, at length, I began to
“ perceive

" perceive there was something which lay
 " heavy at his heart. I told him so, he
 " owned it, but deferred a full explanation
 " till he should see me in person. This
 " was to be in the following autumn, which
 " was the time, also, he had fixed for my
 " marriage with his sister. 'Thy destiny
 " and mine,' said he, 'Lindorf, will then be
 " finally determined. Oh! may they be
 " happy! Or, if I myself am obliged to re-
 " nounce bliss, may, at least, the felicity of
 " my sister and my friend supply the loss of
 " what I dare not hope!'

" I supposed he had a passion for some
 " Russian lady, and that he found insur-
 " mountable obstacles; but, respecting his
 " secret, I ceased my inquiries. I likewise
 " occasionally received short letters from
 " Matilda, which always were first sent to
 " her brother. Her aunt remained fixed in
 " her opinion, and had written for the young
 " Baron de Zastrow to return from his tra-
 " vels. Her inheritance was only to be
 " Matilda's on condition this marriage took
 " place; but the generous girl was ready to
 " forego every advantage, and asked me,
 " with an affecting openness of heart, whe-
 " ther it were not a thousand times better
 " to have less riches and more happiness.
 " For

“ For my part, I little regretted the loss of
“ Madam de Zastrow’s fortune ; for my
“ own, by the death of my parents, had
“ become considerable, and was very large-
“ ly increased by the decease of the Com-
“ mander of Risberg, my maternal uncle.
“ He lived, like a hermit, on the estate I at
“ present inhabit ; would never see me while
“ living, and left me all his wealth at his
“ death, under the condition, however,
“ that I should marry within two years,
“ and give the name of Risberg to my
“ eldest son. My engagements with Ma-
“ tilda made the fulfilling of this clause
“ apparently easy ; and, perhaps, too, this
“ motive might have contributed to decide
“ Madame de Zastrow in my favour.

“ Since that time, Caroline, how kind
“ have I thought the obligation laid on me
“ by my uncle’s will ! How sweet has the
“ idea been of marrying within much less
“ than the time prescribed ! How many
“ future joys did I dare expect, and how
“ sincerely did I bless my uncle’s memory !
“ —At present, I renounce, for ever re-
“ nounce his gift. I pretend not to wealth
“ to which I have no right ; and will quit
“ an estate, to-morrow, to which I am
“ never to return. What to me are riches
“ and

“and estates? Or what, alas! can I suffer
“now?—I have nothing to lose!

“Oh pardon! pardon! Caroline! How
“may the vows of a wretch whom it is
“your duty to forget affect you? I add to
“my crimes by continuing to adore you;
“and the purpose of this writing is to
“make reparation.

“Determined no longer to remain at
“Ronebourg, which retraced sorrowful
“thoughts, only, and heart-rending recol-
“lections, and which, beside, is too far
“distant from the capital, I was delighted
“with the acquisition of Risberg, and
“came to take possession, at the beginning
“of the summer, a short time after my
“uncle’s decease.—Caroline—It is
“here, at this place, at this moment, that
“I have need of all my fortitude to con-
“tinue the fatal recital — Angel adored!
“can I speak to you of yourself, and of
“what my feelings were, and are, and
“not expire!

“Sacred and pure Friendship! Thou
“who shouldest expiate the crimes Love
“hath committed, thou who, henceforth,
“only shouldest find place in my heart,
“return and animate my zeal; once more
“return, and sustain relapsing Nature!

“I

“ I was charmed with my new abode,
“ yet did not intend to stay here long ; and
“ was, therefore, desirous of examining the
“ neighbourhood. The evening before that
“ day on which I first beheld you, at the
“ window of the pavilion, I had accident-
“ ally passed and heard those sweet and
“ harmonious sounds, that affecting and an-
“ gelic voice, the impressions of which have
“ since been so powerful, and the effects of
“ which, indeed, I felt the very moment
“ they first were heard. Never before had
“ I heard a voice of so much sensibility. I
“ listened for some time after you had ceased
“ to sing, and still thought I heard sounds
“ so correspondent to the feelings of my
“ heart. Nay, I continued to hear them,
“ even at a distance ; and, the next day,
“ impatiently visited the same place.

“ Passionately fond of music, to that
“ alone did I attribute that irresistible at-
“ traction by which I was led thither. I
“ will, however, confess I was, indeed, most
“ desirous to see the person of her whose
“ power over the heart I found so great ;
“ but this I attributed to curiosity. I
“ imagined that, by singing with you, I
“ might bring you to the window ; and the
“ stratagem was successful. I beheld you !

“ Though

“ Though but for a moment ; but that moment was sufficient. The impression it made never can be forgotten ; and my first wish was I might have beheld you ever.

“ Wherefore, Oh ! wherefore may I not dwell on incidents once so dear to memory ? Wherefore not retrace each circumstance, recount each rapturous event of time which fled so swift away ; and which has left mementos so fatal in my heart ! Ah ! happy I ! when, my soul absorbed by sensations of bliss so pure, sensations of which, till then, I had been wholly ignorant, I existed only at Rindaw, forgotten of the world beside ! Ah how happy ! when, leaving you in the evening, my sole idea was that of seeing you again on the morrow ; and while that idea was so vast, so perfect, that it excluded every other ! Not those burning, resistless, and tumultuous sensations that Louisa inspired ; nor yet that monotonous tranquillity, that indolence of heart, and apathy of sense, Matilda gave, did I feel. No ; the charm was new, delicious, exquisite ! It was another world which, Caroline embellished ! I beheld her in every surrounding object ;

“ or, rather, I beheld no other object but
“ her. The only letter I wrote, during two
“ months, was to ask permission to pass the
“ summer at Risberg, which I obtained,
“ and I thought those two months an eter-
“ nity! The past forgotten, to the future
“ blind, the present was Heaven, for Caro-
“ line was present!

“ Yet wherefore seek to redouble my
“ torments, by painting happiness fore-
“ gone? Alas! I had forgotten that I
“ ought no more to speak of myself; for-
“ gotten that Caroline is the wife of the
“ best, the sublimest of mortals!—Yes, of
“ him I will speak, of him only.

“ About a month since, I received a
“ letter from him; and this letter first
“ awakened me from this inebriety of plea-
“ sure. He complained of my silence, at
“ which Matilda, likewise, was not less
“ surprised. Matilda!—The very name
“ rent my heart, and made me feel it was
“ wholly Caroline’s.—I laid down the
“ letter, and it was long before I had the
“ fortitude again to read. At length I took
“ it up once more, and the following pas-
“ sage restored me to life.”—‘ Have you,’
“ said Walstein, ‘ changed your opinion,
“ either respecting Matilda or our future
“ destinies,

‘ destinies, and do you fear to own it, Lin-
 ‘ dorf? All you have to fear is to leave us
 ‘ either in incertitude, or error. I refer
 ‘ you to the letter I wrote, last autumn, re-
 ‘ lative to this subject: read it again, and
 ‘ recollect well that the only thing I never
 ‘ could pardon would be your having de-
 ‘ ceived, and sacrificed your happiness to
 ‘ me. Write to me, immediately, Lindorf,
 ‘ and be careful to let me know the true
 ‘ state of your heart, as the only means by
 ‘ which you can prove it has suffered no
 ‘ change in friendship:’ &c.—“ This
 “ was a ray of light to my bewildered mind,
 “ and, at once, informed me what my sen-
 “ timents for Caroline were, and what my
 “ duty towards the best of friends. Alas!
 “ I thought to fulfil them all by placing
 “ the most entire confidence in him; by
 “ relating the truth, and entreating him to
 “ dispose of me at his will. How might I
 “ know that this very confidence was an
 “ outrage, and that I asked his consent to
 “ rob himself of the most precious of Hea-
 “ ven’s blessings?—Impelled by some
 “ dreadful fatality, I seem destined to
 “ offend in every manner, and at all times,
 “ this most noble of men. Oh! Walftein!
 “ Walftein! might thy greatest enemy have
 Vol. I. N “ injured

“injured thee as I have done!—Yer
 “should this writing have the effect which
 “I expect, and even hope—Yes, hope—
 “If she who reads it can feel the inesti-
 “mable value of a soul like thine, what
 “shall I then have to lament?”

“ I here add a copy of the letter, No. III.
“ which I sent to the Count, the very day
“ I received his. Condescend to run it
“ over, it will be the last time you will have
“ occasion to remember an unfortunate man,
“ who himself entreats you would for ever
“ forget him ; yet, as some small allevia-
“ tion, wishes you to see how infinitely you
“ were once adored.”

NUMBER III.

*Copy of a Letter from the Baron of
LINDORF to the Count of WALSTEIN,
Ambassador at Petersburg.*

• You have but too truly divined, my
• dear Count, what are the present feelings
• of my heart. I have a secret to relate, the
• relation of which is become the more
• painful by having been so long delayed.
• Yet, believe me when I declare, it was
• your letter that first informed me what
• my

' my feelings truly were ; and that, till the
 ' moment I received it, I remained in un-
 ' conscious security ; or, rather, in the en-
 ' joyment of sensations the most congenial
 ' my soul has ever known, without once
 ' inquiring whence they originated.—Love,
 ' that true, that pure love, of which you,
 ' my friend, have so often spoken, and
 ' which I never felt before ; love is the se-
 ' cret, love the source of this my happi-
 ' ness ; the only happiness of which man
 ' is capable ! Ah ! did you know how the
 ' two last months have glided away ! They
 ' have been but as a moment, and yet
 ' have I volumes to write concerning them,
 ' though not a single incident which Wal-
 ' stein will not approve.—Oh, my friend !
 ' in her are united every talent, every grace,
 ' and every virtue. Beauty is the least of
 ' her advantages ; for, infinite as that is, it
 ' is remembered no more when the sound
 ' of her voice is heard, when her fingers
 ' touch the chords of harmony, or animate
 ' the lifeless canvass. She alone seems ig-
 ' norant of the wondrous pleasure she her-
 ' self creates. Did you hear her sing, Wal-
 ' stein ! Oh ! did you listen while she reads
 ' our best poets, adding a meaning more
 ' profound, and feeling superior even to

‘ what they themselves imagined ; did you,
‘ especially, see how she is adored by all
‘ around her ; were you a witness of her
‘ affectionate attentions to an infirm and
‘ blind friend ; - what a blessing she renders
‘ life to one, who else, might find life her
‘ severest affliction ; were you where I am !
‘ — Yes, I might have my fears, but
‘ not that you would blame my choice.

‘ I feel too well any longer to doubt that,
‘ without her, for me there cannot be hap-
‘ piness. She only taught me to know
‘ what it was, nor, till her I knew, had I
‘ any conception of that sweet peace of
‘ mind which I imagined so incompatible
‘ with love. I am no longer the same.
‘ It is she who has wholly changed me.
‘ The headstrong, impetuous Lindorf, hap-
‘ py in her sight, happy when she speaks,
‘ most happy in the progress he daily makes
‘ in her affections, dares hope he is beloved
‘ though he has never dared to ask, having
‘ been too much enraptured with present
‘ enjoyment. Thus might I have passed
‘ a whole life away had not your letter
‘ awakened me from this trance of beati-
‘ tude ! I feel, at present, without the con-
‘ sent of my friend, without the certitude
‘ that my felicity will not be injurious to
‘ that

' that of others, this my vision of bliss must
 ' end ! Can Matilda, the generous, the ten-
 ' der Matilda, preserve esteem and friend-
 ' ship for one who could see yet and not
 ' adore her ; and who, certain of being
 ' blessed in her possession, if so his way-
 ' ward heart had pleased, knew not to de-
 ' fend himself against tyrannic love ? And
 ' can you, dear Walstein, pardon and esteem
 ' me still ; me whom you had beforetime
 ' so much reason to detest, whom yet you
 ' destined to be your brother ; and who
 ' renounces a name so endearing ? Yet,
 ' no, I do not renounce it, but refer the
 ' decision of what I am to be to you. Be
 ' you umpire ; for, here I vow, whatever
 ' you determine that will I become. If
 ' the husband of Matilda, I cannot pro-
 ' mise to forget my passion, it is too much
 ' a part of myself ; but it shall remain for
 ' ever hidden in the most secret corner of
 ' my heart. Ay, so that even you yourself
 ' shall forget its existence. This involun-
 ' tary and concealed wrong, far from in-
 ' juring, shall but increase your sister's hap-
 ' piness.—Remember this and reflect on it
 ' well, dear Walstein, before you write,
 ' however impatient I may be for an an-
 ' swer. Yes, Walstein, remember it is the

‘ sentence of your friend, and that, after it
‘ is pronounced, I will either never see her
‘ more, or kneel at her feet, and conse-
‘ crate to her my future life! Till then I
‘ will be silent, till then she shall remain
‘ ignorant of how much she is adored!—
‘ If seeing her every day, and every day
‘ still more beauteous and more enchant-
‘ ing, I have yet been able to keep my
‘ secret, think you not, if you require it, I
‘ shall keep it when I behold her no more?
‘ While life remains it never shall escape
‘ my lips, if I find it necessary to renounce
‘ her; not even you, Walstein, shall ever
‘ know her name; it shall remain buried
‘ in my bosom, and never once rise to my
‘ lips; if, on the contrary, I obtain your
‘ consent, with transport will I inform you
‘ of one who merits the adoration of the
‘ universe. And most delighted shall I be
‘ to hear a friend, like Walstein, applaud
‘ my choice and participate my joys; but,
‘ again, I repeat, these joys cannot exist
‘ should they cost Matilda a tear, or her
‘ brother so much as a sigh.’

“ Such, Caroline, was my letter, and
“ thus did every thing contribute to blind
“ me, even to the omitting informing my
“ friend of your name; one single word
“ and

“ and you had been known to the Count,
 “ which at least would have prevented the
 “ declaration I have made to you of a cri-
 “ minal passion. I had been less guilty, but
 “ I thought this a respect due to yourself;
 “ for what right had I to name a person to
 “ whom I was not certain of being at li-
 “ berty to offer my hand? Another mo-
 “ tive, also, made me silent. Your im-
 “ mense fortune, at the remembrance of
 “ which I have, more than once, grieved,
 “ and which would even have prevented
 “ me from declaring my sentiments had
 “ my own been less considerable, might
 “ have influenced the Count in his deci-
 “ sion, and I wished him to be wholly free
 “ from influence. It was enough, nay,
 “ indeed, too much, to own that my fu-
 “ ture happiness depended on this deci-
 “ sion, and I waited in expectation of his
 “ answer with excessive anxiety. Some-
 “ times, relying on his generosity and prin-
 “ ciples, my heart yielded to all the flat-
 “ teries of hope; at others, knowing how
 “ tenacious he was of the project he had
 “ formed, and his great affection for his
 “ sister, I dreaded he would require the
 “ sacrifice of my passion; and this sacri-
 “ fice, to the performance of which I

“ had pledged myself, seemed beyond my
“ strength.

“ Yet, so powerful were the mild sensa-
“ tions you inspired, it was only when ab-
“ sent from you I ever found myself tor-
“ mented by these apprehensions of horror.
“ The moment I beheld you they disap-
“ peared; and the same tranquillity, or,
“ rather the same dreams of bliss, again
“ recurred. To these every inquietude
“ gave place, and it seemed impossible this
“ happiness, so pure, so permanent, could
“ suffer interruption. The tender friend-
“ ship which you, with ingenuity so un-
“ reserved, testified for me; the evident
“ and partial goodness of the Baroness; the
“ discourse she herself held in your absence;
“ all aided the deception, and contributed
“ to make me fancy myself the most blessed
“ of mortal men. But so, indeed, I was,
“ and three months of joys so heavenly, so
“ unspeakable as these, well might com-
“ pensate for an age of torments, did not
“ the certainty that they never can return,
“ empoison the remainder of a wretched
“ life.—Yes, whenever this wretchedness
“ shall become too oppressive for nature
“ to support, then will I return to Rindaw,
“ and say, here did I pass three months
“ with

“ with Caroline, and can I complain of
“ being miserable ?

“ At length I received the answer so
“ much dreaded and so much desired.
“ My impatience too, daily had become
“ so great that I was every moment in fear
“ lest my secret should escape my lips. I
“ rode, therefore, myself to Berlin, to in-
“ quire at the post-office, and found the let-
“ ter lying there. So great was my tremor
“ at receiving it from the post-master, that
“ he imagined I was ill, and asked if I
“ wanted aid. I begged him to let me
“ retire to a chamber and read it, and when
“ alone, I remained almost a quarter of an
“ hour without daring to touch the seal.
“ Yet how could I justify this excessive
“ emotion ? Did not I know Wallstein ?
“ How, indeed, unless presaging Nature
“ was informing me of my involuntary
“ crime ? In fine, my agitation increased
“ so much that I left the room without
“ opening the letter, resolved not to read it
“ till I came home. I therefore, mounted
“ my horse, but had scarcely got an hundred
“ yards out of town before I suddenly
“ alighted, hung my horse to a gate, and
“ broke the seal which enclosed my sen-
“ tence, resolved, had it been such as I
“ feared

“feared it might never to return to Rin-
 “daw more. My project, in such a case,
 “was immediately to depart to the Count
 “at Petersburg, and seek from him that
 “fortitude I found not in myself. But
 “Fate, to make my punishment the great-
 “er, suffered my delusion to continue and
 “increase. Oh ! Caroline, imagine what
 “my raptures were when I read the letter
 “I have here enclosed.”

NUMBER IV.

*From the Count of WALSTEIN to the Baron
of LINDORF, at Berlin.*

Petersburgh, August 15, 17—

‘ Love, dear Lindorf, of her and Love :
 ‘ think of these, and remember not aught
 ‘ else the universe contains. Or, should
 ‘ Love grant a moment to Friendship, em-
 ‘ ploy that moment to assure thyself that a
 ‘ friend participates thy joys.—Happy
 ‘ Lindorf ! Thou lovest and art beloved !
 ‘ Thou hast found the mate of thy heart,
 ‘ the sympathizing mind which the supreme
 ‘ Creator modelled after thy own ; his
 ‘ fiat formed ye for each other. And fear-
 ‘ est thou then I should oppose a decree so
 ‘ immutable ; that I should tear thee from
 ‘ her

' her who was written thine in the first
 ' records of eternity? Thy letter has re-
 ' moved all doubts; not a phrase, not a
 ' word is there which does not breathe
 ' love. It is a passion thou knowest too well
 ' how to describe, not both to feel it and
 ' inspire. In thee I behold that supreme
 ' felicity the seeds of which have been depo-
 ' sited in my own heart, and of which I
 ' have sometimes doubted the actual exist-
 ' ence. Something of it I beheld in the
 ' loves of Louisa and Justin, but this I
 ' attributed to country simplicity, and sup-
 ' posed it impossible to be found elsewhere.
 ' Oh! how grateful is it to my heart to
 ' know that this felicity has been realized
 ' by my friend, to have proof it is not
 ' wholly banished this earth; and of these
 ' proofs thy letter is full; even to that sa-
 ' crifice which thou with such sincerity
 ' offerest, but which I should be a barbarian
 ' to accept. My affection for my sister,
 ' were yours, Lindorf, out of the question,
 ' would ensure my refusal. You are a man
 ' of honour, and I know you sincere when
 ' you assure me, you would be careful never
 ' to let Matilda perceive she was not the
 ' wife of your heart; but how might you
 ' keep this fatal secret? Alas, my friend,
 ' I am convinced it is impossible so to de-

‘ ceive a woman, and the misery of both
‘ would be the inevitable consequence of a
‘ discovery.

‘ No, Lindorf, I wish your delicacy and
‘ conscience to be wholly at ease, respect-
‘ ing our dear Matilda. I own she is
‘ strongly attached to you, and that you
‘ are the first and only man who has made
‘ any progress in her affections. But,
‘ whether it be the effect of character, edu-
‘ cation, or of youth, her sensations are not
‘ of that profound and determined species
‘ on which the happiness or misery of life
‘ depends; nor am I certain that we ought
‘ to give them the name of love.

‘ It has seemed to me that her feelings
‘ are rather the effect of a fervid imagina-
‘ tion, than of the heart, which, perhaps,
‘ have been heightened by opposition; and
‘ that friendship has been mistaken for love.
‘ During my late visit, at Dresden, I was
‘ struck with the levity, and even gaiety,
‘ with which she supported your absence
‘ and her own chagrin. It is true, she al-
‘ ways speaks of you with infinite tender-
‘ ness, but she laughed and cried both in a
‘ breath; and, a moment after she had
‘ vowed eternal love for you, would begin
‘ to sing and dance. I was not uneasy on
‘ this account, because, I own, I partly
‘ foresaw

' foresaw what has happened ; and, sup-
 ' posing I had been deceived in this, I, for
 ' my own part, was well pleased with this
 ' kind of passion ; if you were united it
 ' might become every thing you wished,
 ' and, if not, Matilda might easily receive
 ' consolation, and be glad to hear of your
 ' happiness elsewhere. The young Baron
 ' de Zastrow is returned, and, as I am in-
 ' formed, is a handsome youth. He, per-
 ' haps, may contribute to her tranquillity ;
 ' but, be it as it may, make not yourself
 ' uneasy ; rest assured that both brother and
 ' sister will find their happiness in yours.
 ' I, therefore, release you from every obli-
 ' gation, dear Lindorf, and only have to
 ' blame you for having supposed it possible
 ' I could do otherwise. Fly, the moment
 ' you have received this letter, and pay
 ' your homage to the lady you love, and
 ' who, if I may judge from your descrip-
 ' tion, so transcendantly deserves to be be-
 ' loved ; nor, have I any cause to doubt it,
 ' for, with all the enthusiasm of passion,
 ' you seem to have preserved the coolness
 ' of reason. How impatient am I to judge
 ' for myself ! To see, hear, and, as you
 ' yourself say, to applaud your choice !
 ' Nor will it be long before I shall enjoy
 ' this

‘ this pleasure. Preparations are made for
‘ my return to Berlin; you must direct no
‘ more letters to me at Petersburg. I shall
‘ be on the road when you receive this,
‘ and soon afterwards in your arms. We
‘ shall then, dear Lindorf, no longer have
‘ any thing to conceal from each other, for
‘ hitherto we have mutually had some re-
‘ serve. I shall learn who your beloved is,
‘ and you will then be informed of a secret
‘ which, hitherto, a combination of circum-
‘ stances has obliged me to keep; nay,
‘ indeed, to have afflicted you would but
‘ have added to my own grief, for my sor-
‘ rows were of a kind that admitted not of
‘ alleviation. When I return, they per-
‘ haps, may cease, and perhaps, also, I may
‘ then be destined never to enjoy that feli-
‘ city, which I do not envy you, Lindorf,
‘ but which yet I most ardently wish to par-
‘ take. Oh! my friend, there is another
‘ *She*, another beloved, in existence, who,
‘ when you shall know, will not a little sur-
‘ prise you.— But not a word of this till I
‘ see you. I hope to find you either happy
‘ or on the point of becoming so. This,
‘ at least, is a certain bliss; and with this,
‘ if so my destiny should decree, I must
‘ endeavour to rest content. Farewell!
‘ Should

‘ Should you mention your friend to the
 ‘ mistress of your heart, should you tell
 ‘ her she has superseded his sister, tell her
 ‘ likewise she has gained a brother, nay,
 ‘ perhaps, a sister also, of whom may she
 ‘ become the friend, and whom may she
 ‘ render as much alive to love as she herself
 ‘ is. That she may, however, love you,
 ‘ Lindorf, equal to your deserts, is the ar-
 ‘ dent prayer of

WALSTEIN.’

P. S. ‘ Were you not in love I scarcely
 ‘ could pardon you two thoughtless omis-
 ‘ sions; the first, not having dated your
 ‘ letter, so that I neither know how long it
 ‘ has been coming, nor where you at pre-
 ‘ sent are; I suppose at Berlin, and, there-
 ‘ fore, have directed as usual; the second,
 ‘ your not having said a word of your late
 ‘ uncle, the commander, nor his will. You
 ‘ find I have heard of it, though, I con-
 ‘ gratulate you on this addition to your
 ‘ fortune. The clause by which you are
 ‘ obliged to marry within two years will not
 ‘ be the least impediment to your succe-
 ‘ sion. Once more, farewell, I am impa-
 ‘ tient till we meet, and till I have said the
 ‘ thousand things I have to say.’

“ You know the rest, Caroline: I have
 o “ done.

“ done. It is not for words to tell you
“ either what I felt after reading this letter,
“ or after finding how presumptuous and
“ culpable my hopes had been. I began
“ this manuscript the moment I got home,
“ yesterday. The time has been short ;
“ my wearied hand and eyes scarce have
“ power to trace an adieu which my tears
“ would efface ; or to supplicate your par-
“ don for an unfortunate man who has
“ disturbed your future tranquillity, Oh !
“ may he be wholly forgotten by you, and
“ may you recover that peace, that serenity
“ of soul without which happiness may not
“ be. Oh ! Caroline, believe the friend
“ who knows your heart better, at this
“ moment, than you yourself, and who
“ knows, also the man to whom, hence-
“ forth, it is your duty to consecrate this
“ your heart, your life ; it is with him,
“ only, by making him as happy as he de-
“ serves, that you can find happiness your-
“ self. But you have read, and justice and
“ love by this time must have passed sen-
“ tence. This sentence cannot but be in
“ favour of Walstein, and I have nothing
“ more to add.

“ I have not yet come to any determina-
“ tion respecting myself ; I neither know
“ what

“ what I shall do, or what say, to Wal-
 “ stein. I ought, perhaps, to tell him all ;
 “ but a word which escaped me in my let-
 “ ter, a word I would redeem with my life,
 “ has for ever sealed my lips.”

“ No, Caroline, never shall these lips, or
 “ this heart pronounce your name. I will
 “ even deprive myself of that consolation.
 “ Farewell Caroline, farewell—for ever !
 “ —Ay, for ever ; for never more must I
 “ see you, unless I could cease to love you.
 “ Oh ! might this love become so sanctified,
 “ that I might only behold, in you, the
 “ wife of Walstein. Oh ! might I restore
 “ each of you a friend worthy of your-
 “ selves !—This or death is all I have to
 “ hope !—Adieu, adieu ! I fly to give you
 “ this ; once more to behold you—No,
 “ not to behold. I will not look on Ca-
 “ roline ! You are the wife of my friend ;
 “ the Countess of Walstein. Yes, to the
 “ Countess of Walstein I am bringing these
 “ papers, this picture. Caroline is no
 “ longer in being ; not Lindorf’s Caroline !
 “ —You are now at the pavilion, I fly.
 “ Oh ! Heaven grant me fortitude, sustain
 “ me in this fearful moment !”

We shall not attempt to describe what
 were the sensations of Caroline after what
 she

she had read. Who may express all that passed in a heart divided between love, remorse, admiration, and, perhaps, even a tincture of jealousy? Louisa and Matilda, by turns, drew her attention; she read again the passages that related to them. What fire, what enthusiasm did she find in Lindorf's expression of his passion for Louisa, compared to the feelings she had observed when in company with herself! She was tempted to believe that the latter were little more than the result of tranquil friendship. As to the young Matilda—how happy was she, who dared love Lindorf and own her passion!—Ay, but how much to be pitied; not to be beloved again! Charming Matilda! Generous Walstein! Ye merit not ingratitude from others!

Caroline well recollected, that during the week preceding her marriage, the Count had mentioned his sister, and the hope that Caroline and she would become friends! but, as she was then wholly absorbed in meditating on the means of separation, she had paid little attention to his discourse. But ah! how bitter was the remembrance of having injured this Matilda, this sister; injured her beyond reparation; robbed her of a heart over which her claims were so numerous,

numerous, and so legitimate! It was true she did not seem sufficiently to know the value of this heart, thought Caroline, as she again perused the letter of the Count to Lindorf; and though the apparent want of sensibility in Matilda was in every respect a subject of consolation to Caroline, yet could she scarcely pardon her.

Deep in thought, on the many and strange events she just had read, sat Caroline, and perceived not that it was noon, when a servant came from the Baroness to seek her. She hastily gathered up the papers that were spread open around her, and locked them up in her bureau; but, as she was going, she perceived the box, containing the portrait, still on the table; this she slipped into her pocket, and ran to the Baroness.

Caroline found her with a note she had received from Lindorf, which she could not read. Here, my dear, said the Canoness, as she entered, open this, and let me hear what our dear young Gentleman says, whom we have not seen for these two days; we shall learn why he is absent; I cannot tell thee how much I miss him. The melancholy Caroline, expecting what the contents would be, sighed, raised her eyes to
Heaven,

Heaven, and took the note. It contained compliments to the ladies; informed them, he, Lindorf, was forced to depart, immediately, on very essential and pressing business; could not have the honour of seeing them again; assured them, however, he never could forget them, and earnestly hoped a continuance of their esteem and friendship.

Yes certainly, Caroline, knew, before she read the contents of this note; it was no surprise to her; yet was she so affected as scarcely to be able to pronounce a word. The conviction she should see him no more, that all intercourse between them was over, the cold and studied contrast of this billet, compared to the manuscript she just had read, the words esteem and friendship, traced by the same hand that so lately had painted, with such enthusiasm, the strongest sensations of the soul, the constraint she was under by the presence of the Baroness, all conspired to render her situation almost insupportable. Might one easily suppose her distress could suffer augmentation? Scarcely had she finished the note, suppressing her sobs, tho' the tears ran incessantly down her cheeks, when taking her handkerchief out of her pocket,
the

the box, which she had just put in it, and which was then far from her thoughts, fell at her feet, and, laying open on the ground, presented that form, and those features which she had before feared to look on. The accident was a very trifling one, yet did it make an incredible impression on Caroline; ay, as great as though the Count himself, in person, had stood before her and reproached her for infidelity. Her exclamation was almost a shriek. She stooped for the box, turned away her eyes, as she picked it up, and hastily ran from the chamber, without knowing why or from whom she fled—she presently recovered, returned and found the Canoness surprised at the cry she had uttered, and her sudden flight; and still more affected at the farewell billet of Lindorf, and this his so unexpected departure.

The disorder in her eyes was a cataract; which, daily increasing, had too far injured her sight to see the picture. Caroline might say what she pleased, and it was much more easy to avoid an explanation concerning that, than to answer the questions, suppositions, and lamentations of the Baroness on the departure of Lindorf, which were unceasing. It broke all her measures, disconcerted all
her

her projects, and absolutely threw her into despair ! Caroline, afflicted as she herself was, yet was obliged to exhaust her imagination to comfort her friend. The best mode, no doubt, would have been to have proved, by confessing her marriage, how chimerical all these her projects were. Caroline, who, at last, perceived what her views had been, in encouraging the visits of Lindorf, wished to make this confession ; but it was now become so painful, so difficult, she had not the power. How might she so much as pronounce the name of the Count ! How relate his wrongs ! I am the source of misery to the most virtuous of human beings, the most sublime, most worthy of felicity ; and then, when I ought to have held myself blest, beyond the lot of women, then did I yield to antipathy, the most unreasonable, the most unjust.

Thus reasoned Caroline ; nor was this antipathy the only sensation for which she had cause to blush. The name of Lindorf was as painful to pronounce as that of Walstein ; she resolved, therefore, to wait the answer of her father, and the effect of time, ere she spoke, and and to support, as well as she was able, the regret of the Baroness, for the absence of Lindorf. In fact,

fact, she regretted it too much herself not to find her heart in unison with that of her friend ; and, however painful this continual subject of conversation might sometimes be, yet was she so interested in it, that she seemed to listen as though it were fascination to her ears. She became still more assiduous in her attentions to the Baroness than before, who, being deprived of sight, had still more need of her cares. She went no more to the pavilion ; her books and treasures were, one after another, brought back to her apartment ! though her musical instruments and painting utensils were the last. The mind must be at ease before it can wholly devote itself to, and coolly consider any subject. Caroline, whenever alone, was constantly reading her manuscript and letters, ruminating on the beauteous Louisa, the young Matilda, and the Count ; sitting lost in a multitude of unconnected ideas, which were usually succeeded by a flood of tears. She likewise, become so familiar with the picture that at last, she was never easy but when looking at it, and never beheld it without emotion ; nay, even not without pleasure. Great God ; would she say with her eyes fixed on the features, if, to so many virtues, a person so noble and

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a countenance so expressive were added? what mortal might be worthy of him? If?—Why do I say if? Who at present is worthy of Walstein? Am I? Oh! no, no; the best of men deserves the best of women; deserves a heart devoted to him, and him only!

End of the First VOLUME.



